McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XLVIII SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1911 NO. 8

SMETHPORT'S OFFICIAL POPULATION IS 1817

These Are The Figures Given Out By The Census Bureau.

AN INCREASE OF NEARLY 100

A Message From Census Director Durand to The Miner Last Saturday Gives These Facts.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 18, 1911.

McKean County Miner,

Smethport, Pa.

Smethport Borough Population, 13th Census, 1817.

E. Dana Durand,

Director.

As will be seen by the above telegram Smethport has a little more than held her own in the past ten years. The 12th census gave Smethport a population of 1729. However, the 12th census was taken before this place reached its high-tide mark of population and prosperity and we presume at times between the two censuses the population of this place would have reached at least 2500.

Even in face of this decline in the past five years Smethport shows a permanent growth and we have every reason to believe that it will steadily continue to grow.

BISHOP'S LAST VISIT.

Tuesday Evening Bishop Whitehead Made Farewell Visit.

Bishop Cortlandt Whitehead of Pittsburg, for the past thirty years bishop of the Erie diocese of the Episcopal church, made his final visit as bishop of this diocese, to St. Luke's church, this borough, Tuesday evening. He left yesterday morning for Scranton, where to-day he will consecrate Rev. Roger Israel as bishop of the Erie diocese. The work in the diocese became too great for one man to properly handle, so it has been divided into two dioceses, Rev. Israel having charge of the new Erie diocese which includes Smethport, and Bishop Whitehead will have charge of the other one.

Tuesday evening at 7:30 services were held at St. Luke's church, and the bishop confirmed a class of two girls, after which a reception was held in the parish house in his honor. The Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector of St. Luke's, presented the bishop with a purse of $76 in gold, as a slight mark of the esteem in which he is held by the members of the congregation. The bishop replied in a few words, thanking his friends and expressing his sorrow at being compelled to give up this part of the old diocese, and he spoke in high terms of the new bishop.

Refreshments were served and an enjoyable evening was passed by all.

2 SHOTS FIRED.

One Struck a Traction Car—Nobody Hurt.

The last trolley car leaving Lewis Run for Bradford Saturday evening was fired upon by someone who is yet unknown to the police. The bullet crashed through the lower part of one window pane and taking an upward course passed through the upper part of a window on the opposite side of the car. Fortunately no passengers were in the path of the bullet. Just as the car was stopped on a signal from the conductor the second shot was heard, but this one failed to hit the car so far as is known. The car was backed to the Lewis Run station and an effort was made to locate the guilty person that fired the shots.

During the evening there was a dance of foreigners at Lewis Run and a number of men from Custer City were on the car returning. It is thought possible that the shots were directed at some one of the party.—Bradford Era.

County Detective Jones is making a thorough investigation of this matter and it is earnestly hoped that he may bring the guilty party or parties to justice. Anyone who will fire into a loaded car in the hope of injuring an enemy that may be in the car at the risk of killing or injuring innocent parties is a dangerous man to be at large and no pains should be spared to locate and convict him.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies headgear, call and see

Oct.6-tf CARRIE CLARK.

DEATH OF WILLIAM PRATT.

Aged Resident of East Smethport Passed Away Monday Afternoon.

William Pratt, an aged and highly respected resident of East Smethport passed away peacefully at 4:30 o'clock Monday afternoon, Feb. 20, 1911, after a brief illness. He was in his 83rd year of life.

The immediate cause of death was heart failure, brought on by a slight attack of pneumonia. He had only been confined to the house a few days and the news of his death came as a shock to his many friends. Previous to this sickness he had been in excellent health and spirits and was a daily visitor among his friends in our suburb.

William Pratt was born in Eden, Erie county, N. Y., on August 29, 1828, and was therefore 82 years and nearly six months of age. At the age of 20 he was united in marriage to Miss Sylvia Hulty of his native home and about two years later moved to Keating township where they resided until the death of Mrs. Pratt about nine years ago. To them were born one daughter, Mrs. John D. Abley of East Smethport, and three sons, Charles of East Smethport, William J. of Pueblo, Colorado, and Fred, with whom he resided during the last years of his life.

When the Smethport Extract Works located in East Smethport, Mr. Pratt accepted a position with that concern and he soon worked himself up to yard foreman, which position he held until this company finished business here a few years ago. Since that time he had lived a retired life.

Mr. Pratt was always a genial, good-natured, kind-hearted and jolly man and his friends were only limited to those who knew him. He was ever fond of the society of young people and up to the time he was taken with his fatal illness he was as cheerful and jolly as the average person of half his age and his cheerful, fatherly face will be greatly missed by his young friends as by those near his age.

He was a kind and loving father, and his demise is deeply mourned by his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

The funeral services were held at the house at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector of St. Luke's church officiating, and his remains were laid at rest beside those of his life helpmeet in Rose Hill cemetery.

HOME TALENT SHOW.

"The Japanese Girl" Operetta to Be Presented Tuesday, Feb. 27.

The first division of the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Elizabeth's church will present an operetta entitled "The Japanese Girl" on Tuesday evening, February 28th, at the Smethport Lyceum, under the management of Wells, Clark and Wells.

The cast of characters include: O Hana San, a Japanese girl of position; O Kita San, and O Kayo San, her cousins; Chaya, her servant; Nora Twinn and Dora Twinn, young American ladies travelling with their Governess. "The operetta contains Governess. The operetta contains two acts and between them several interesting specialities will be introduced by home talent and Walter Lindsey of Bradford, a female impersonator, will amuse and mystify the audience.

Tickets are now on sale at Wells' drug store.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of Smethport Tent, No. 9, K. O. T. M., held February 9th, 1911, the following committee was appointed to draft resolutions on the death of our late brother, Peter Johnson.

Resolved: That in the death of Peter Johnson, Smethport Tent has suffered a great loss. During the years he was a member of our order he was one of our most loyal and active members, ever ready and willing to lend a helping hand in advancing the interests of the order.

His death is mourned by every member of the order as well as by all who knew him. To the bereaved family we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved: That the above resolution be spread upon the minutes of Smethport Tent, No. 9, and a copy furnished to the bereaved family, and be published in the local papers.

W. D. MOREY,

M. B. GREER,

C. L. IRONS,

Committee.

For Sale—Cheap for Cash.

1 pair good working horses, Sleighs, Harness and Wagon. Write to

WM. H. WELLS,

Feb.23-1t Cyclone, Pa.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

Archie Butler Takes Corrosive Sublimate for Rochelle Salts and Dies.

Sadness prevades the little town of Genesee because of the sad and tragic death of Archie Butler, who, on Tuesday took corrosive sublimate believing it to be Rochelle salts. He lingered and suffered until Saturday, when death came to his relief.

On Monday his daughter, Josephine, went to the store of W. B. Dally to purchase salts. It was a little after the regular closing time and the merchant by mistake sold her the corrosive of sublimate. The package was undisturbed until Wednesday, when some of the younger members of the family were being persuaded to take the drug, which they very much disliked to do. The father, good naturedly said he would show them "the good old fashioned way of taking salts" and swallowed a generous portion, when instantly he realized that some mistake had been made and at once warned the children not to take the drug.

Much sympathy is felt throughout the community for the stricken family and also for Mr. Dally, who suffers intensely because of the terrible tragedy.

Mr. Butler was in the prime of life, about forty years old, a hard working and an industrious man. Genial and friendly, he had many friends who mourn his untimely death.

He is survived by his wife and four children, Josephine, Otis, Reva and R. C.—Potter Enterprise.

ITALIAN BADLY WOUNDED.

Is the Result of a Fight in Bradford's Latin Quarter Sunday Evening Over a Girl.

Because two young Italians loved the same girl there was a shooting affray at about 7 o'clock last evening at No. 9 Edgett street.

As a result, Tony Pignataro is at the Bradford hospital with a bad bullet wound in his left side and the city and county officers are trying to locate the would-be assassin, an Italian named Agostino Marci. Both men boarded at the house where the shooting occurred. Marci is about 22 years of age, 5 feet 10 or 11 inches tall; weighs about 160 pounds; he has black hair, heavy mustache. One of his eyes injured in a fight yesterday is also mentioned as a possible means of identification. He was clad in the ordinary "Americano" clothing and speaks English slightly.

The police, constables and County Detective Jones spent a busy night looking for Agostino. Officers were sent to Lewis Run, Limestone and other nearby points and the trains and trolley cars were watched very closely.

Shortly after 8 o'clock a man answering the description of the one wanted, entered the street car waiting room and inquired when the cars left for Lewis Run. This led to the search at that place for the fugitive. A possible clue at Limestone was also run down and up to an early hour this morning the shooter had not been apprehended.

There is a love story connected with the affray in which a Miss Sorra of Edgett street, figures. The two men on several occasions, it is said, quarreled over the young woman.

Yesterday during the day there were two fistic encounters between Pignataro and Marci. In each battle the man who was shot made the better showing. He caused one of Marci's eyes to become discolored.

Last evening, after the row was thought to have been settled, Marci went to his boarding place and entering the kitchen began to be abusive and dared Pignataro to go outside and settle matters. Pignataro did not care to continue the row and so informed Marci.

A moment later Marci pulled a revolver and fired at his hated rival the bullet from what was thought to be a .32 caliber revolver taking effect in the man's body about six inches below the heart. When the would-be assassin left the house, he was followed to the door by a boy of the family who was told not to interfere or he would be shot. The boy took the hint and remained neutral. The shooter then disappeared.

Pignataro was taken to the Bradford hospital where Dr. J. B. Stewart gave him surgical attention. The doctor probed for the bullet but did not find it.

Pignataro is a member of the Italian band and the Italian fraternal organizations. He is spoken of as a quiet, law-abiding young man.—Monday's Bradford Era.

MYSTERIOUS SHOOTING AFFRAY IN BRADFORD

Charles A. Patterson Found Dead With Two Bullet Wounds.

WAS IT MURDER OR SUICIDE?

Body Found In His Room, on Second Floor of Barn Where He Worked—He Had Quarreled With His Lady Love and Was Despondent—Bullet Wounds Indicate Murder—Other Things Indicate Suicide—Coroner's Jury Call is Suicide.

Charles A. Patterson, aged 27 years and a well-known Bradford young man was found dead on the bed in his room located on the second floor of the brick barn in the rear of the residence of Mrs. Grace A. Barnsdall on West Corydon street, shortly before 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon. The young man had been working for Mrs. Barnsdall and occupied this room.

The discovery was made by J. E. Carroll, who notified Chief-of-Police Murray and Coroner Sherman, who in company with local newspaper reporters went to the barn. They found Patterson's body lying on its left side with a bullet hole in the right temple running downward through the head and the bullet was found in his left wrist indicating that his head had been resting on his hand when the shot was fired. In addition to the fearful wound in the head, there was another bullet hole in the left side of the man's body near the heart. Dr. Joseph, who was called, was of the opinion that either would have been sufficient to cause death. The doctor was also of the opinion that Patterson had been dead for a number of hours.

The body was taken in charge by Undertaker Sloan and removed to his undertaking rooms, and an investigation started by the police. They found that Patterson had spent Friday evening with a young woman named Mrs. Grace Cowles and that they had a slight lovers' quarrel. It was found that he was in a despondent mood on the morning of his death and on two or three occasions had made allusions that afterward tend to show that he was contemplating taking his life. He purchased a .38 calibre revolver and a box of cartridges that morning.

In his room everything was neat and tidy. No letter explaining his motive was to be found. There was a package of fancy postal cards and a bundle of kodak photographs on the stand with an open box of cartridges from which five cartridges had been taken. Two in the revolver were empty and there were three loaded shells remaining in the gun.

For eight years previous to the time he went to work for the Barnsdalls, Patterson had been employed as an assistant to J. M. Sloan and driver of Mr. Sloan's team. Mr. Sloan speaks in the highest praise of the young man.

Deceased is survived by his mother, Mrs. Martha Storms of Sawyer City; one sister, Mrs. Della Edison; a half brother, Merl Storms, and three half sisters, Mabel, Pearl and Minnie Storms, all of Sawyer. He is also survived by an uncle, A. E. Farnsworth of Sawyer; his grandmother, Mrs. Lucia Farnsworth, and aunt, Mrs. D. McFadden of Elkhart, Ind. His father is locater somewhere in Idaho.

At first Coroner Sherman did not think it necessary to hold a coroner's inquest, but later there developed considerable talk of foul play and he changed his mind. This inquest was held on Monday. Several witnesses were called who had talked with him the morning previous to his death and each gave testimony pointing to the conclusion that he had contemplated suicide and purchased the revolver and cartridges which were used in bringing about his end.

On the other hand Undertaker Sloan testified that he was inclined to think that the bullet hole in the head was from the left to the right side instead of from the right to the left. The wound in the breast was also peculiar as to location and the course of the bullet. There was a ragged-edged opening on the right side of the head while the hole on the left side was clean cut. To produce the wound from left to right would have been an awkward way of holding the revolver. The wound in the breast was ragged while the hole in the back where the bullet [illegible] his body and entered the mattress, was clean cut.

Dr. F. W. Winger told of the nature of the wounds. The witness said that there were no powder marks on either side of the head. The doctor had doubts as to whether Patterson had fired the fatal shots.

Dr. J. B. Stewart stated that he was confident that the wounds could not have been self-inflicted. He said there were no powder marks or singed hair on either side of Patterson's head.

The jury rendered the following verdict, after the witnesses were all sworn:

"That the said Charles A. Patterson came to his death between the hours of 11:30 o'clock a. m. and 5 o'clock p. m. on Saturday, the 18th of February, A. D. 1911, in the city of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, from gun shot wounds in the head and left breast made by balls fired from a revolver in his own hand with suicidal intent."

A SHOCKING CASE.

Sixteen-Year-Old Girl in Box Car Victim of Railroad Workmen.

Olean, Feb. 18.—Thursday evening about 6:15 Officer Barnes of the Pennsylvania force received intimation that a young girl would be found in a box car dug shanty located at the rear of the freight house. He at once went to the place indicated and found it necessary to break open the door in order to gain entrance.

Here he found certain of the railroad employes, also a sixteen-year-old girl named Clara Mae Wyett. The girl in attempting to get away, jumped from the window, and as a result of injuries sustained is now confined to her bed. She lives with her mother in East Olean. The girl was not placed under arrest, but was taken in charge by the officer, and word was sent to her mother.

It is alleged that she had been in the car with different men during a considerable portion of the day, and that they had purchased a quantity of beer and whiskey some of which the girl stated she drank. Several bottles of beer were found in the car by the officer.

The names of all the men connected with the almost unbelievable affair, it is stated, have been obtained, and it was further stated that warrants of arrest are being issued this afternoon on complaint of the girl's mother. Among those implicated are firemen, operators, yard conductors, and yard brakemen.

Word of the affair was at once sent to the offices of the company in Buffalo, and a number of the officials came to Olean on a special train, to take up the investigation. As the result of their inquiries thus far, it is stated several employes have been discharged. The work on the part of the officials will be prompt and effective, and every employe who can be found to have had any connection with the affair will leave the service of the company without further ceremony.

FINE ATTRACTION.

"The Thief" Will be the Bill at the Lyceum on March 9th.

On Thursday, March 9, local theatregoers will have a treat in the production of "The Thief." This is one of the finest attractions on the road and the management of the Lyceum is to be congratulated on securing this excellent production. The Titusville Herald of February 17, says of it:

"The Thief," as produced at the opera house last night gave good satisfaction to the fair-sized audience in attendance. The company included two members of the original producing cast in the persons of John McFarland as "Zamboult Coundin," and Clark H. Silvernail as "Fernald." Especially worthy of complimentary mention was the work of Miss Spinney as "Marise." In the second act where the wife confesses to her husband that she is the thief. It is seldom that a better piece of emotional acting is witnessed on the local stage than the playing of Miss Spinney in this scene, and she was accorded hearty applause and a curtain call at its conclusion. In fact the production was excellent and justified the claims made for it by the opera house management in advance of its appearance. The company appears in Oil City tonight.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming inplements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

OLE BULL'S HOUSE GONE.

Log Structure at Oleona Burns As Widow's Ashes are Strewn Over His Grave.

A Coudersport dispatch says: It is an odd coincidence that about the same time that Mrs. Ole Bull, who died recently at Cambridge, Mass., after directing in her will that her body should be cremated and her ashes sprinkled on the grave of her famous husband, the violinist, at Bergen, Norway, that one of the log houses near Oleona, Potter county, (among the last remaining vestiges of the picturesque and yet disastrous colonization scheme of Ole Bull) should have burned to the ground, and the ruins now lie as an evidence of the gradual going out of one pathetic chapter of Pennsylvania history.

"Only one more of the flat-roofed log houses, a number of which were built by the Ole Bull Norwegian colonists back in the early forties of the last century, still stands—that and the old-fashioned tavern along the Coudersport pike at Oleona. Beyond the latter, three-fourths of a mile, where the little valley dips deep into what was formerly a dense forest of hemlock timber, lies a straggling pile of stones—all that remains of what was once Ole Bull's "castle." And hard by, in a setting of sugar maples and beeches and birches, the only thing left as it was when the colonists went away is the little graveyard in which the bodies of a dozen of the disheartened, homesick Norwegians were buried.

Here, too, is the grave of William Andreason, who was secretary of the colony, and the fast friend of Mr. Bull, even when the colonists became dissatisfied and some of them began to complain that Ole Bull had gone away to let them starve in the woods. But not so with Ole Bull. In those very months of heartbreaking discouragement, when it was learned that they had been tricked into paying their money for wild lands for which the settlers could not give title, and from which ultimately they were dispossessed, Ole Bull had tramped out into the Susquehanna Valley to Williamsport, where he gave a concert in the court house to raise money with which to buy food for the colonists. From Williamsport he went to Philadelphia, to New York and then to Boston fiddling his way into the hearts of the people and sending money and goods back into the wilds of Pennsylvania for sustenance for the colonists, who were then going through the hardships of the first Pennsylvania winter they had ever experienced.

Some of the letters which Ole Bull wrote while giving a series of concerts in Philadelphia are on record, and they breathe a pathetic sentiment. It was there that he first heard that some of the colonists were beginning to blame him for their plight, forgetting that he had sunk his fortune in the plan, and these letters beg them not to blame him for its failure nor for the disastrous financial discovery concerning the title.

A bible watch was brought into the colony by Ole Bull himself—a great, ponderous volume eight inches thick, bound in heavy leather and with heavy iron clasps—is in possession of Dr. Charles Meine, of Germania, a priceless souvenir of the famous fiddler and his companions.

AUSTIN MILL TO SHUT DOWN.

It May Mean That All the Goodyear Lumber Will Be Cut at Norwich.

From the Austin Autograph we learn that the firm of Harvey & Collins, operators of the Goodyear Lumber Company's mill in Austin, have received orders that the mill shall be closed down on February 28, for an indefinite period.

This news is causing considerable worry to the people of Austin and the Autograph devotes nearly a column in speculating on what the Goodyear Company intends to do in the future in regard to running this mill.

This order seems to indicate that much more timber will be manufactured into lumber at Norwich than was first expected and it may be that not only the big Potato creek tract will all be sawed at Norwich, but that which now comes from Medix Run and other places may be sawed into lumber at Norwich.

Wanted.

About April first, a good house in Smethport, either furnished or unfurnished, with all improvements, for a year or more. Please state price and location. Apply at the office of "McKean County Miner." Feb.16-4t

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 1[illegible], October Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMmonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Bertha McEacheam, did on the 15th day of Aug., 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, John H. McEacheam.

We therefore command you, the said John H. McEacheam, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Bertha McEacheam and show cause if any you have, why the said Bertha McEacheam, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM H. MORRISON, Sheriff,

Smethport, Pa., January 30, 1911.

Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attys.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 91, October Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMmonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Pearl Welger, did on the 21st day of July, 1910 prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles Welger.

We therefore command you, the said Charles Welger, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Pearl Welger and show cause if any you have, why the said Pearl Welger, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM H. MORRISON, Sheriff,

Smethport, Pa., January 30, 1911.

Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attys.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 172, October Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMmonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Goldie O'Nell, did on the 30th day of August, 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frank O'Nell.

We therefore command you, the said Frank O'Nell, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Goldie O'Nell and show cause if any you have why the said Goldie O'Nell, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM H. MORRISON, Sheriff,

Smethport, Pa., January 30, 1911.

Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attys.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 176, October Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMmonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Clifton H. Peet, did on the 31st day of August, 1910, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Susie Hover Peet.

We therefore command you, the said Susie Hover Peet, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Clifton H. Peet and show cause if any you have why the said Clifton H. Peet, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM H. MORRISON, Sheriff,

Smethport, Pa., January 30, 1911.

Thos. H. Morrison, Libellant's Atty.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1911,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Mt. Jewett, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the Northwest corner of land of Olof Westerlund on the South line of the Right of Way of the Mt. Jewett, Kinzua and [illegible] Railroad; thence by the West line of land of Olof Westerlund South 1 degree and 17 minutes [illegible] three hundred and fifteen (315) feet to a post; thence Westerly at right angles with said line of Westerlund, one hundred and [illegible] twelve (112) feet to a point; thence Northerly parallel to said Westerlund line and along the East line of a Street to be named McKinley Street, two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet to the South line of the [illegible] right of way; thence easterly along the south line of the right of way, one hundred and sixty eight (168) feet to the place of beginning. CONTAINING [illegible] square feet of land more or less. Being the same premises conveyed by John [illegible] and wife to Myrtle [illegible] Edgerton by deed dated June 17th, 1901, and recorded in Deed Book 115 at page [illegible], and by Geo. W. Mitchell, Sheriff of McKean County, to M. J. Gallup by Sheriff's Deed dated June 2nd, 1905, and recorded in McKean County Sheriff's Deed Book Vol. 1 at page [illegible] and by M. J. Gallup and wife to the said William H. Reinhardt, by deed dated August [illegible], 1905, and intended to be recorded herewith. The said land is conveyed subject to reservations of petroleum, gas, minerals, &c., mentioned in deed of T. K. Kane to said [illegible], dated Feby. 20, 1891, recorded in Deed Book, Vol. [illegible], at page [illegible], &c.

Improved and having thereon two seven room frame dwelling houses.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of William H. Reinhardt at suit of State Capital Savings and Loan Association.

J. W. Swart, H. S. [illegible], Plaintiff's Attorneys.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Hamlin Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and known as lot No. 10 [illegible] surveyed and mapped by W. W. Hencher, being on east side of Randall Street, beginning at a point on the east side of said Street at the southwest corner of lot No. 9; thence north 73 degrees and 15 minutes east one hundred and four feet; thence south 44 degrees and 57 minutes east sixty-six feet to a post; thence south 2 degrees 30 minutes west twenty-two feet to a post in the northeast corner of lot No. 11; thence south 73 degrees 15 minutes west along line of lot No. 11 one hundred and sixty-[illegible] and five tenths feet to a post in the east side of said Randall Street; thence north 10 degrees 30 minutes west forty feet to place of beginning, containing six thousand four hundred square feet more or less. Also all that piece, parcel or tract of land situate in the Village of Hazelhurst, Township of Hamlin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Bounded on the north by lands of said C. A. Duke, on the east by lands of the B. F. Hazelton estate, on the south by lands of the [illegible] first parties and on the west by Randall street, being lots Nos. eleven (11), twelve (12), and thirteen (13) on the map of James Randall's property in Hazelhurst aforesaid as surveyed, staked out and mapped by W. W. Hencher, C. E., Oct. 7th, 1885, said map being recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, containing ...... more or less. Also another lot in Hazelhurst aforesaid bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Bounded on the north by said lot No. 13; on the east by lands of B. F. Hazelton Estate; on the south by lands of the first parties and on the west by Randall street being the same width as Hill street and extending easterwardly to the line of lands of the B. F. Hazelton Estate be the same more or less. The first tract of the above described lands being the same tract conveyed to parties of the first part by James Randall and wife by deed dated March 1, 1890, and recorded on the 2nd day of March 1890, in the McKean County Records in Deed Book Vol. 104 at page 80, &c. The second and third tracts of above described premises being the same tracts conveyed to parties of the first part hereto by James Randall and wife by deed dated June 29th, 1899, to be recorded, and all of the above tracts being the same premises conveyed by C. A. Duke and wife to George M. Morrison by deed dated December 3rd, 1903.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame building used as a bottling works.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of George M. Morrison at suit of J. S. Shoemaker.

V. B. Bouton, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot of land situate in Bradford City, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the north side of Pleasant Street, forty-nine and one-half (49½) feet West from Center Street, thence West by North line of Pleasant Street, forty-nine and one-half feet to a post; thence North by line parallel with Center Street one hundred (100) feet to a post; thence East by line parallel with Pleasant Street forty-nine and one-half feet to a post; thence South by line parallel with Center Street one hundred feet to the place of beginning, being Lot No. 37 Pleasant Street, and subject to a Mortgage given by Mark J. McCollister to Mrs. ... A. Story for $700.00, dated May 27th, 1905, recorded in the Recorder's Office in Mortgage Book, Vol. 63, page 275.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of M. J. McCollister at suit of A. D. Longfellow.

D. H. Jack & Son, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land lying and being in the Borough of Kane, McKean County, and State of Pennsylvania, and being a part of Sub-division No. 382, Warrant 2280, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at the south east corner of land of Peter August Nelson; thence extending Northerly along the westerly line of Elk Avenue one hundred and fifty feet (150 ft.) to a post; thence west parallel to Poplar Street sixty-five feet (65 ft.) to a post; thence southerly on a line parallel to said westerly line of Elk Avenue one hundred and fifty (150 ft.) to a post in the northerly line of Poplar Street; thence easterly along said northerly line of Poplar Street sixty-five 65 ft.) to the place of beginning, containing nine thousand seven hundred and fifty square feet (9750 sq. ft.) of land more or less. Subject to a certain lease for oil given by the party of the first part to George Welker. Said land being part of a larger tract of land conveyed by the heirs of Emma A. Hobbs, deceased, et al., and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book Vol. 31, page 551, &c., and being the same property conveyed by Peter August Nelson and Charlotte Nelson, his wife, to Peter Friberg by deed dated September 28th, 1896, and recorded in the Office of the Recorder of Deeds of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 91 at page 231, &c.

Improved and having erected thereon one two-story frame dwelling and the usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Alrick W. A. Friberg at suit of M. & L. Schriever.

F. D. Gallup, Gallup & Shattuck Plaintiff's Attorneys.

5.

Defendant's interest in 1st, all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the Borough of Mt. Jewett, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania; bounded and described as follows, to-wit: On the north by the Big Level Road; on the east by lands now or formerly of Sextus Lundberg; on the south by an alley, and on the west by lands now or formerly of E. W. Long. Containing one half acre, be the same more or less, and being the same premises conveyed to the said Sone Lunden by Caren Lunden by deed dated October 7th, 1886, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. No. 85, at page 323, McKean County Records.

Excepting and reserving therefrom a strip of land on the west side thereof of about twenty feet in width conveyed by Sone Lunden and wife to Edward W. Long by deed dated June 1st, 1898, and recorded in Deed Book No. 100, page 305.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame house and usual outbuildings.

Second. All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the Borough of Mt. Jewett, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post at the intersection of the easterly line of Oberg Street and the southerly line of the right of way of the Johnsonburg and Bradford Railroad; thence southerly along Oberg street 90 feet; thence easterly at right angles with Oberg street, one hundred feet; thence northerly and parallel with Oberg street [illegible] forty-five feet to the southerly line of the said Right of Way of the Johnsonburg & Bradford R. Road; thence along said right of way southwestwardly one hundred thirty-three and three-tenths feet to the place of beginning. Bounded north by the right of way of the Johnsonburg & Bradford Railroad; west by Oberg Street; south by lot No. 4, and east by an alley on lands now or formerly of the Boyd Glass Company; being lot No. 3 on the plot of lands of John Oberg as surveyed by J. A. Seymour, C. E., July 25th, 1890, and being a part of Warrant No. 2701, and being the same premises conveyed to Sone Lunden by the Widow and heirs of John Oberg by deed dated August 2nd, 1901, and recorded in deed book No. 125, page 382, McKean County Records.

Unimproved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Sone Lunden at suit of A. Campbell, now by substitution A. E. Campbell et al., executors, &c.

F. W. Backus, Sheridan Gorton, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

6.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the center of Barden Brook road, now King Street, in the line dividing the Nathan Dennis lands from the lands of Reuben Dennis and at the southwest corner of lands heretofore conveyed to William Petrie; thence northerly along the west line of said Petrie lot twenty (20) rods to a stake; thence west parallel to the said old line dividing the said Nathan and Reuben Dennis lands four (4) rods to a stake; thence southerly parallel to said Petrie line twenty (20) rods to the centre of said Barden Brook road, being also the old line dividing Nathan and Reuben Dennis lands; thence east along the centre of said road four (4) rods to place of beginning, containing one half acre of land, strict measure, be the same more or less, and being a part of Warrant No. 527 and being the same premises conveyed by Sheridan Gorton, Executor, to W. F. Walsh, trustee, by deed dated June 8th, 1905, recorded in McKean County Deed Book Vol. [illegible], page [illegible], etc. Improved and having thereon a two-story frame dwelling and the usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of William Erhart, Mary Erhart at suit of Edward Butler, Villi Butler.

C. F. Haughney, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on Sub-division No. 282, Warrant 2280; Beginning at a point in the northeast corner of Poplar Street and a street unnamed running parallel with Elk Avenue, east of said unnamed street; thence north, parallel with Elk Avenue and along said unnamed street one hundred thirty-five (135) feet to a point in the east line of said unnamed street; thence east sixty (60 feet, parallel with Poplar Street, to a point in land of John Nelson; thence south, parallel to Elk Avenue and said unnamed street, one hundred thirty-five (135) feet to a post in the north line of said Poplar Street; thence west along the north line of said Poplar Street sixty feet to the place of beginning. Containing eight thousand one hundred square feet of land, more or less. Said land being in the First Ward of the Borough of Kane aforesaid. Being the same premises which John Nelson and Matilda, his wife, by deed dated December 5, 1900, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in Deed Book No. 113, page 438, etc., granted and conveyed to Mandus Nelson.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling, house No. 328 Poplar Street.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mandus Nelson at suit of State Capital Savings and Loan Association.

J. W. Swart, Thos. J. Dolphin, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

8.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the Sixth Ward of the City of Bradford (formerly Bradford township), County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post corner, being the southeast corner of a lot deeded by Rawson C. Dodge, thence north thirty-six and one-quarter (36¼) degrees west four and one-half rods; thence south fifty (50) degrees west two rods, more or less, to the road leading from P. M. Fuller's Hotel across the Tunungwant Creek; thence south thirty-one (31) degrees east four and one-half rods to a post corner; thence north fifty (50) degrees east two and one-quarter rods, more or less, to the place of beginning, containing eleven and one-fouth rods, more or less, and being the same land conveyed to A. D. Moulton by J. M. Nye and wife by Deed dated November 25th, 1895, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 80, Page 329.

Impoved and having thereon erected one two-story frame building used as a store and residence.

Also, all the following described parcel or tract of land lying and being in the City of Bradford, (formerly Borough of Kendall), County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Being on the north side of the highway leading from Limestone, New York, to Bradford, Pennsylvania, and commencing at a stake in the corner of land formerly owned by Orson Hoyle; thence by the said highway, south sixty-six and three-fourths degrees (66¾ degrees) west, two (2) rods and five links; thence north thirty-six and one-fourth (36¼ degrees) west three (3) rods and twelve (12) links; thence north forty-nine degrees (49) east thirty and three-fourths (30¾) feet; thence southwardly four (4) rods and three (3) links to the place of beginning, containing six and one-half (6½) square rods of land more or less, with a small addition on the east side five (5) feet on the northeast corner, and running southward to a point; and being the same property conveyed to A. D. Moulton by Mary P. Nye, et al., by deed dated Oct. 29, 1901, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book 131, page 483, &c.

Improved and having erected thereon one large frame building used as a Livery Barn.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of A. D. Moulton at suit of Carolina Hillenbrand.

H. M. Wick, Plaintiff's Attorney.

9.

Defendants' interest in all that certain leasehold estate situate, lying and being in the Township of Otto, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Lots Numbers one Hundred Thirty-seven (137), One Hundred Thirty-eight (138 and One Hundred and Fifty-seven (157) in Warrant 5049, and being the same property demised and leased by George Foltes et al. to E. H. Moulton by Agreement dated December 8th, 1896, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book, Vol. 123, Page 282. Also, all that other certain leasehold estate situate, lying and being in the Township of Otto, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Lots Numbers One Hundred Thirty-five (135) and One Hundred Thirty-six (136) in Warrant 5049; and being the same property demised and leased by George Foltes et al. to E. H. Moulton by Agreement dated December 8th, 1896, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book, Vol. 123, Page 286.

TOGETHER with six oil wells, six engines, one twenty-five horse power boiler, one well now drilling, all fittings, fixtures, machinery and appurtenances situated thereon and thereunto belonging.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mrs. E. H. Moulton, A. D. Moulton at suit of J. F. Hamell.

H. M. Wick, Plaintiff's Attorney.

10.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point in the West line of Fraley Street One Hundred thirty-six and one-half feet (136½ ft.) north of the northeast corner of the Catholic Church lot; thence north along the west line of Fraley Street forty-three and one-half feet (43½ ft.) to the southeast corner of land of W. B. Smith; thence west, along W. B. Smith's south line one hundred and thirty feet (130 ft.) to the east line of land of the Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Company; thence South along the east line of lands of said R. R. Company forty-three and one-half feet (43½ ft.) to the northwest corner of lands of James McDade; thence east along the north line of lands of James McDade one hundred and thirty feet (130) to the place of beginning. Containing 5655 square feet of land more or less, and having thereon located one four story Brick Hotel and three story addition known as the New Fleming Hotel. The north forty feet of said lot being the same premises conveyed by John Fleming and wife to Morris B. Pierce by deed dated November 27th, 1901. Together with the right of first party and subject to the rights of James McDade and their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, guests, tenants and employees to use five feet along the south line of the above described tract and five feet along the north line of land of James McDade for an Alley or passageway appurtenant to the lands lying adjacent thereto, as provided in a contract bearing date the 29th day of November, A. D. 1901, and executed by Morris B. Pierce and wife and James McDade and wife recorded in the Recorder's Office at Smethport, December 3rd, 1901, in Deed Book Vol 117, page 143.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Morris B. Pierce at suit of M. B. Schimmelfeng for use of Fred Koehler now for use of A. P. Huey, Trustee.

Huey & Hubbard, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

11.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210, being lot No. 123 on Welch Street bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the west line of Welch Street, one hundred and forty-five feet northward of the northwest corner of Welch Street and Sedgwick Street marking the intersection of the south line of an alley; thence by said south line of alley south seventy degrees west one hundred feet to land of Evan O'N. Kane; thence by same South twenty degrees east one hundred and forty-five feet to a post; thence by the right of way of the [illegible] & K. R. R. ten feet from the center of main track, northward to the west line of Welch Street; thence by the west line of Welch Street north twenty degrees west to the place of beginning; subject, however, to the reservations and restrictions in the deed made on the 20th day of June 1898, by Evan O'N. Kane and wife to Jane Conners; which deed is entered on record in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, on the 28th day of June 1898, in Deed Book Vol. 101, page 30. And subject, also, to judgments of Schaffer & Schaffer for use of M. & L. Schriever.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Jennie Connors at suit of W. S. Calderwood, Cashier.

Huey & Hubbard, Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

WM. H. MORRISON,
Sheriff.

Smethpot, Pa., February 8th, 1911.

Real Home Rulers.

The brains of the average home are not all packed away in the cranium of the male head of the household. The real ruling, managing force of the home is the wife. The husband earns the money, it is true. But if he had the spending of it, the result would be chaos. The wife is the real chancellor of the exchequer.—Weekly Dispatch.

Happy Definition.

Genius is a combination of aspiration and inspiration.—Irish Proverb.

NOTICE.

The following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the fourth Monday of February, A. D. 1911.

First and final account of T. F. Mullin, administrator of the estate of J. P. Mullin, deceased, who was guardian of Eugene Duke Mullin, minor child of Mary A. Mullin, deceased.

First and final account of Hollie E. Robinson, administrator of the estate of James Monroe Robinson, deceased.

First and final account of Sheridan Gorton, Ancillary administrator C. T. A. of the last Will and Testament of F. F. Williams, deceased.

First and final account of Celestina R. Carpenter, administratrix of the estate of Peter R. Davis, deceased.

First and partial account of R. H. Duntley, administrator of the estate of Isaac Duntley, deceased.

First and final account of Walter Newton, executor of the last Will and Testament of C. D. Seaman, deceased.

Second and final account of John Shea and Margaret Shea, administrators C. T. A. of the last Will and Testament of James Shea, deceased.

First and final account of D. C. Young, administrator of the estate of F. O. Richmond, deceased.

First and final account of D. C. Young, executor of the last Will and Testament of Mary E. Richmond, deceased.

First and final account of David Howells, administrator of the estate of William H. Pritchard, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN,
Register.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 28, 1911. Feb.2-4t

Will Interest Wives.

A Brooklyn wife has found a new way to make her recreant husband disgorge a portion of his earnings. He was $15 shy on his feed bill and refused to come to the center. Then she got a strangle hold on his windpipe and extracted his store teeth. These she kept for ransom until the half-starved man was forced to produce the amount.

Hobby for Brain-Fag.

Physically, mentally and often morally a good hobby is a business man's salvation. When his mind has been strenuously at work for many hours he has used up a large quantity of life force. If then he turns to his hobby for a change his brain experiences a relief and the jaded parts get rested.—Business Man's Magazine.

Evil in False Shame.

False shame is the devil's pet weapon. He does more work with it even than with false pride; for with false pride he only goads evil, but with false shame paralyzes good.—Ruskin.

Some Improvement.

"I hear he is getting rich since he quit drinking." "Appearances would indicate that he is. I understand he is about to trade the water wagon for an automobile."—Nashville American.

Poor Substitute for Tobacco.

The Indians along the Alaska coast have a very curious substitute for tobacco, which is composed of wood shavings saturated with a strong solution of pepper. The practice, however, is extremely injurious, the strong fumes acting on the mouth and eyesight.

¶ The Twenty Payment Life policy, deposits payable for twenty years only, insurance payable at death. We also issue ten, fifteen, twenty five and thirty payment life policies.

Age 21—$20 84 per thousand.
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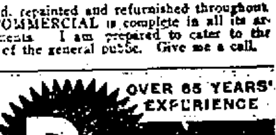

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You cannot make a whistle out of a pig's tail, or from a whistle produce the curling appendage that gives grace to the pig. But each in the proper place may swell the music in the orchestra of life and make music that shall uplift the race.

Not Without Hope.

A man may be absolutely impossible, but somewhere there is some woman who doesn't think so.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 23, 1911.

Local and General.

—Read the new advertisement of F. W. Brownell this week.

—Johnsonburg expects to pave one of its principal streets this coming summer.

—Superintendent Smith of the Jefferson County Home has been vindicated of the charges made against him.

—The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church will have a cooked food sale at J. Colegrove's store at 2:30 o'clock Saturday, Feb. 25.

—Upwards of 600 cases of typhoid fever have been reported in Erie since January 1st, and they continue at the rate of 20 a day.

—On March 1st the large tile factory at Clermont will resume operations after a shut-down of several years. This factory is Clermont's principal industry and its starting again means much to that place.

—Last week we published an item giving the local market price on butter and eggs, which should have been credited to the Port Allegany Reporter, but for some unknown reason the credit was left off, making it appear that the prices named were the prices here.

—William Foster, one of the pioneers of McKean county, died at his home in Lewis Run Monday morning. His death was due to the infirmities of old age, he being in his 87th year. He is survived by one son, William Foster, and one daughter, Mrs. Stella Kelly; both of Lewis Run.

—Mrs. Francis Esper, 108 years of age, said to be the oldest woman in Florence, Colorado, died in the arms of her 111-year-old husband Tuesday night from burns received when her clothing caught fire from an open grate. Mr. and Mrs. Esper had been married 91 years.

—Placing a stick of dynamite in his mouth and lighting the fuse, Steve Zoller, a miner of Sonman, near Johnstown, last Thursday night ended his life. Zoller was blown 30 feet and the rear of the house was wrecked. The deed was witnessed by a number of Zoller's friends, none of whom was injured.

—George Austrau of Austin, 15-year-old son of Rima Austrau, the boy who shot George Stuckey, the nine-year-old son of Oren Stuckey, has been arrested for the crime and held to the March term of court. He plead guilty to the charge of carrying concealed weapons but not guilty as to the shooting.

—Two hundred forty-seven marriage licenses were issued in Clinton county during the year 1910, according to the Lock Haven Democrat. The majority of the brides ranged from fifteen to eighteen years, and the oldest was sixty-eight. She married a man who was forty-eight. The average age of the grooms was twenty-two years.

—Mathias Corwin, grandfather of Editor Corwin, died Monday night of last week at the home of his son, H. L. Corwin in Austin. He was 92 years old and had lived in Austin about twenty-two years, going there from Allegany county, N. Y., where he had been a farmer. Deceased was a great reader and well informed in his time. H. L. Corwin, the only child, survives.

—During the early part of Sunday evening the home of George Magee, at Custer City, caught fire and was totally destroyed, with the larger part of the contents. Mr. Magee was ill in bed and was rescued with the assistance of men from a trolley car of the Bradford-Lewis Run division, who happened to pass the vicinity of the fire soon after the flames were discovered.—Bradford Era.

—Last Friday morning Henry Clayson, who had been working at the Pennsylvania car shops and boarding at Shoemaker's hotel on West State street, was found dead on the sidewalk on the west side of North Union street, Olean. Clayson was the son of H. H. Clayson of Kane, Pa., a well known and prosperous glass manufacturer. Deceased was married but had not lived with his wife for some time.

—The best preserved country roads that have to bear the heavy motor traffic of the present day are those with ample shade. If a road cannot be oiled it needs moisture. The shade, except in very dry periods, will retain sufficient moisture to preserve the elasticity of the road surface. There is no danger of mud if the road is properly constructed, says an expert road maker.

—Alton Hover, the twice convicted wife murderer, who is confined in the Erie county jail, is to die on the gallows on Thursday, February 23. His doom was sealed Friday when Governor Tener refused to interfere in the case. Everything possible was done to secure a reprieve. Efforts also were made to have the governor appoint a commission to examine into the sanity of the convicted man.

—The Olean Evening Times has been sold by the Olean Times Publishing Company, composed of C. D. Straight and others to J. R. Droney and M. G. Fitzpatrick of Olean and Thomas Sullivan, who has been on the Buffalo Times staff for several years. Mr. Fitzpatrick will be the business manager and Mr. Sullivan editor under the new management. This will make a strong force for the Times and it should continue to flourish as it has in the past.

—William C. Henry, for many years a prominent citizen of Bradford and former superintendent for the United Natural Gas Co., died suddenly at his home in Chittenango, N. Y., on Sunday last. He was 70 years of age and the cause of his death was heart disease. He is survived by his wife, one daughter and three sons, Mrs. R. M. Jennings of Pittsburg, Pa.; William E. Henry of Covina, California; Arthur B. Henry of Eldred, Pa.; and Walter Henry of Muskogee, Oklahoma.

—Last Thursday afternoon a report was circulated that a mad dog was seen near Second street bridge. Policeman Algreen was notified. He found a large black dog walking around in a dazed condition and frothing at the mouth. When Algreen approached the dog made a jump for him but was met with a bullet which stopped him. Those who saw the dog say there was no question but that he had rabies. So far as we can learn no other dogs have been bitten.—Coudersport Democrat.

—A man named Bolton, last evening solicited the aid of the police in locating his wife, five children and a mule. It seems that the family, including the mule, had formerly lived at Quaker Bridge. They came to Bradford a short time ago. Mrs. Bolton told the police that she had left her husband's board and woodpile for the reason that she had to furnish the board and manipulate the bucksaw and axe on the woodpile. The woman and children left Bradford several days ago, it is understood, and the police could not give the sorrowing husband any assistance.—Monday's Star-Record.

—No taxes will be levied in Farmington village, Maine, this year. The expenses of the municipality will be met by the surplus earnings of the water works system which the village corporation own. This decision was reached at the annual meeting of the village corporation. The water works system earns more than $5,000 a year. Several methods of disposing of this fund had been advanced. The assessors recommended that water rentals be reduced on an average of 30 per cent., but the meeting decided to use the surplus for running expenses and let the rate remain.

—"When I Saw Him I Fell at His Feet as One Dead," was the text chosen by the Rev. Mewatt at Erskine church at Montreal, for his sermon Sunday morning, the subject being A Vision of Christ. The choir was singing the introductory hymn to the sermon when members of the congregation noticed that the pastor was in distress. He was taken to the vestry where he died. Dr. Mewatt was 72 years old and had been ill in health for some months. Two months ago he resigned, but was filling the pulpit pending the appointment of his successor. He came to Montreal from St. John, N. B., in 1890.

Sweet Little Miss.

Ya-la—Ah heah you giggle.
Sweet li'l miss, sweet li'l miss!
Now ain't you feel ashame' youse'f,
To treat you man like dis?
Come on here, have it over!
W'l reg'lah howdy kiss—
You shuah is tantalizing!
My li'l, sweet li'l miss
—Chicago Record-Herald

Discretion the Better Part.

She—Yes, we are all quite desperately in love with the new curate.

He—Ah, it was just the dread of that sort of thing in my own case that prevented my going in for the church.—London Opinion.

Heroic Remedies Needed.

A very wise doctor calls graft a disease
Then why can't he cure it with speed and with ease?
Isolation of patients at once should prevail.
Let the doctor not stop till he's filled every jail.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Easy.

Sutton—Can't spare the money very well, but I'll lend it to you if you promise not to keep it too long.

Gayboy—I'll undertake to spend every penny of it before tomorrow.—Washingtonian.

Limerick About Kent.

There was an old fellow from Kent
Whose morals were certainly bent.
He made his folks work,
The wicked old Turk,
Then charged them for board and for rent.
—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Expected

A little girl upon being shown her twin brothers, which had arrived the night before on Mr Stork's fast express, said, "Well, mother is always getting bargains."—Delineator.

The Waiter.

Little tips of silver
Dropped into his hand
Make this for the waiter
A mighty pleasant land.
—Youngstown Telegram.

A Change.

Wiggles—She is the belle of the ball.

Waggles—Yes, and the last time I saw her she was a baby. Even now I remember the bawl of the belle.—Somerville Journal.

The Futile Bluff.

Many a man has gone through life
On nothing but a barefaced bluff
Except in dealing with his wife.
We'll say no more; we've said enough.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Naturally.

"Now comes the short cabbage crop to add to the cost of living."

"And to the cost of smoking."—Houston Post.

Civility.

You ask me why I greet the priest,
But not his god.
The god sits mute; the man at least
Returns my nod.
—From the Chinese.

Standard Measurements.

A league is three miles, a fathom is six feet, a span is 10½ inches and a hand (horse measure) is four inches.

Citiman—We talk of journeymen carpenters and journeymen bricklayers and all that. I suppose after awhile we'll begin to speak of journeywomen.

Subbubs—It wouldn't surprise me. It certainly should be proper to speak of journeywomen cooks. They merely journey from place to place.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Your modern citizen is wise;
He trusts the doctor's skill.
And why should he take exercise
When he can take a pill?
—Pittsburg Post.

Woggs—So you cut down the household expenses $100 a month. How in the world did you do it?

Boggs—By hiding the current number of the Woman's Gazoot, so that my wife didn't have a chance to put any of their household economies into practice.—Puck.

'Twas only just last summer
That we thought her spry and pert,
But now she's on the hummer,
For she's donned a hobble skirt.
—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Small Dora disliked having her face and hands washed. "Oh, dear," she said to her mamma one day, "I wish I was a gown."

"Why, dear?" asked her mother.

"'Cause then I'd only have to go to the wash once a week."—Atlanta Constitution.

The man who most applause receives
No novel line of thought invents.
He finds out what the crowd believes
And says, "Those are my sentiments."
—Washington Star.

"If I should die what kind of a wife would you pick for your second?" queried the young wife after the first clash of habits.

"Don't ever fear. If I ever get rid of you there'll never be another wife in my family," answered the brute.—Toledo Blade.

The pessimist cannot amend
His customary form.
All sunny days to him portend
A terrifying storm.
—Kansas City Journal.

"I want a few colored illustrations of beets and tomatoes."

"Life size?" inquired the artist.

"Catalogue size," replied the seedman, with a significant smile.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Gayly she joined in the mazy dance,
And woefully to her hurt!
Bitterly she regretted the step,
For it burst her hobble skirt!
—Chicago Tribune.

Bill—I see it is said that vegetables contain a great deal of alcohol, and it is declared that they can exert an intoxicating influence on those who depend upon them exclusively for food.

Jill—Well, when you see a man tacking up the street be charitable and conclude that he's only got a comfortable load of sliced tomatoes.—Yonkers Statesman.

When Helen has removed her puffs
And all her pads has cleft
And stepped out of her high heeled shoes,
I say, what is there left?
—Boston Herald.

"What would you do if I should shoot myself?" demanded the ardent suitor

"I'd sign up in vaudeville immediately," replied the actress. "I wouldn't have time to get a play written. These shooting sensations soon fizzle out."—Pittsburg Post.

Now do we hear a lonesome bark
And then a warning sneeze,
While countless witty chaps remark
The cold comes by degrees
—Cleveland Plain Dealer

"What was the happiest moment of your life?" asked the sweet girl.

"The happiest moment of my life," answered the old bachelor, "was when the jeweler took back an engagement ring and gave me sleeve links in exchange."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Oh, friend, when you "butt in,"
And then you feel in doubt,
The wisest plan is just turn round
And calmly butt right out.
—Chicago News.

"Every one is saying that we are engaged."

"Indeed! I suppose you are denying it?"

"No; I—I thought I would leave it to you, and—er—if you don't deny it we are."—Houston Post.

"Oh, name the day!" said I unto
My fair and winsome steady;
"I had a hunch," then murmured she,
"That you would want to marry me.
Tomorrow I'll be ready."
—Detroit Free Press.

Voltaire's plaint, "The necessity of saying something, the perplexity of having nothing to say!" might have found an echo in an audience addressed for the third time in one service by an old gentleman famed for his readiness to speak.

"I was thinking while sitting here of the words of the poet," said he. "I can't just remember the words, and the name of the poet has gone from me."—Youth's Companion.

All things may come to him who waits,
And yet it's kind of funny
How things do get a hustle on
If you have lots of money.
—Puck.

"How about this barefoot act you've booked for the op'ry house? Some of the leading citizens are a little worried about it."

"We have suppressed all the objectionable features."

"That's just it. We was afeerd you would."—Kansas City Journal.

Riches have wings
That's why
The pesky things
Roost high.
—Kansas City Journal.

Cui Bono?

Such wondrous faith in my own powers
have I
That I could move a mountain if I
would,
But that's a thing I don't intend to try.
I like to have the mountain standing nigh,
With paths to lead me nearer to the sky.
So what's the good?

Suppose I were to move it from its place
Because I wished to demonstrate my
strength,
I'd have to find some other equal base
On which to rear its hard and craggy
length,
And those upon whose lands I placed the
same
Would very likely sue for damages
And call down maledictions on my name.
'Tis better far to leave it where it is.
—Lippincott's.

A Circus Within.

Little Freddie had just made his first acquaintance with animal crackers. After eating quite an assortment of them Freddie became very thoughtful.

"What makes you so pensive, dear?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I was just thinking what a circus was going on inside of me."—Harper's Monthly.

Pome a la Tom Hood.

Tom Thompson's face was just as tough
As years of vice could make it.
I found that fact out soon enough
The day I tried to break it.

He turned to me with angry frown
And knocked me on the head.
I thought to flee by lying down,
But was laid up instead.

My doctor can't tell "r" from "l,"
And now I'm feeling worse.
He came to take my pulse, and—well,
He came and took my purse!

And in the hospital I lie,
My tired members resting.
I'm forced to diet. If I die
At least I will die jesting!
—Cleveland Leader.

Worse and Worse.

He—Miss Chant is certainly a plain girl, isn't she?

She—Well, she isn't a beauty, but when you hear her sing you will forget her face.

"Why, is her singing as bad as that?"—New York Journal.

A Weather Wail.

This life is an experience tough.
Our grief it bids us nurse.
Although the snow is bad enough,
The thaw is something worse.
And then—in such a sorry plight
Our grammar we forget—
There comes in one unhappy night
A freeze that's worser yet!
—Washington Star.

His Job.

"Did you have any thrilling experiences in the Alps, Mr. Pumper?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Plumper. On one occasion I was forced to act as the chauffeur of a snowslide."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Perplexing.

Some things are hard to understand.
My mother loves verbenas, and
I got a splendid bunch today—
I found them right across the way—
And then instead of being thanked
Dear mother said I should be spanked
And made me take them over there
To that old lady. I don't care!
—Success Magazine.

Pernicious Activity.

Madge—I hear that Charlie is an awful spendthrift.

Marjorie—I should say he was. He's trying to make two wild oats grow where only one grew before.—Puck.

A Recipe.

The recipe of youth I've found at last;
And of its many joys I'll daily drink—
A thimbleful of boyhood from the past
To one full quart of happy, cheerful
thinking!
—Harper's Weekly.

Such a Good Reason.

"Brewsir threatened to punch my head off yesterday."

"Why didn't you defy him?"

"The conversation wasn't taking place over a phone."—Houston Post.

Waiting For a Bite.

All day a man will wait for a bite
In a dinky old boat, the sinner,
But he won't sit down in an easy chair,
Possess his soul in patience there
And wait for a bite of dinner.
—Yonkers Statesman.

Drawing the Line.

I'll stand for the gabble of most of the rabble, I'll stand for the anarchist's gush, but I am a balker whenever a talker begins this "affinity" slush.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

A Question Answered.

What's in
A kiss?
Microbes
And bliss.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

No Stint.

Miss Gabbles—Yes, I invariably weigh my words.

Mr Blunt—Well, it's a safe bet that you have never been accused of giving short weight.—Chicago News.

Acknowledged.

"My son, I made you what you are,"
My tailor said to me.
"Ah, yes; I owe my all to you!"
I answered gratefully.
—Boston Traveler.

Definition.

"What really constitutes flirtation?" asked the young man of the woman of the world.

"Attention without intention," replied the experienced one.—Scraps.

Self Restrained.

No more is woman captive bound
By chains of gold and cords that hurt.
Restraint of action now is found
Through her own choice the hobble skirt.
—Washington Star.

In the Suburbs.

"Did Jones leave his family well provided for?"

"Yes, indeed. He had cooks engaged for three months ahead."—Cleveland Leader.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.

STAND LIGHTS

A dozen different designs to choose from.

I have just received a fine line of them for the Christmas trade.

A NICE PRESENT

Come in and look them over.

E. W. STRONG

Good Groceries

We hold on [illegible] by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

Layman and Church Meetings.

One great difference between church work in this country and Great Britain is the preponderance of meetings in the latter country conducted by laymen, in one denomination alone, the Wesleyan, out of 25,000 services nearly 20,000 being in charge of laymen alone.

Warm Head Induces Sleep.

Sleeplessness is often caused by the head being exposed to the cold, while the rest of the body is warm. In nine cases out of ten, if the head is covered with a silk handkerchief it will induce sleep.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 23, 1911.

The will of Richard L. Ashurst, the aged postmaster of Philadelphia, who mysteriously disappeared at Atlantic City on January 30, was filed last Saturday in the office of the register of wills. The contents, however, have not yet been made public. A death notice of the missing postmaster was inserted in the papers yesterday by members of the family. The family believe that he fell from the Million Dollar pier at Atlantic City.

Representative Alter has introduced a bill at Harrisburg providing for the removal of the western penitentiary to a rural community where the convicts can work on farms and help support themselves instead of being confined in an institution where but 35 per cent. of the inmates can work, and which is a reproach to the civilization and humanity of the people of this rich commonwealth. Many valid reasons are given for a new penitentiary building located in amid sanitary surroundings. The conditions prevailing in the present pen are a disgrace to civilization—Era.

Judge Joseph Buffington filed an opinion in the United States Court of Appeals Wednesday of last week affirming a verdict of $3,265 recovered by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for the use of the Clarion county poor district, against the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company. John S. Safton was appointed county commissioner of the Clarion county poor district in 1902. The guaranty company went on his bond as surety for the faithful performance of his duties in the sum of $30,000. Shafton, it was alleged, made illegal and improper payment for the building of a county home. A verdict was returned for the commonwealth.

Enemies of the white slave traffic that has crept into the lives of the cities, states and nation will find some solace in the bill which Representative Thomas J. Ferguson of Cumberland county, introduced in the House. Mr. Ferguson is a minister of the gospel with a comprehensive knowledge of the ways of the world, and his bill, which provides life imprisonment as the penalty for causing young girls to lead the life of a white slave, has struck at the very roots of the evil. Those who have heard of his bill are congratulating [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] for the bill [illegible] the House and Senate.

Several cases of cannibalism, the result of the great Chinese famine, are reported from the province of Kiang Su, the center of the starvation zone. According to these reports a man, a woman and two children were killed and their flesh eaten by villagers. From Canton and Shanghai dispatches were received from missions confirming the stories of cannibalism [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] frequent. Soldiers sent to the district were attacked. Along the valley of the Kiang [illegible] villages are depopulated and bodies strew the roads and fields.

Representative Bensen has introduced an anti-treating bill in the House. This bill makes it a crime to treat any [illegible] intoxicating drinks and not only the person who buys the drink but the [illegible] person who [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] because it will [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] evils of [illegible] drink [illegible] [illegible] could be put on our statutes. Mr. Bensen should receive the hearty support of every member of our legislative bodies which seeks the welfare of the young people of this great Commonwealth. Let every citizen of the great State of Pennsylvania do his or her best to urge the passage of this act.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The recent elimination from the Congressional Record of speeches actually delivered on the floor of the House led to an altercation between a Congressman and a newspaper man recently and to a formal investigation by order of the House. All this formality does not mean that congressmen are disposed to make the Record an accurate report of congressional proceedings. Every representative and every senator exercises the privilege of making such altercations as he may please in his speeches before they finally appear in the Record. This has been the practice for many years with the natural result that individual revision of remarks made in Congress often works wonderful changes from the original utterances.

In the matter of the investigation referred to two members of the House who had, in the heat of debate, mutually agreed to suppress their speeches; and not a word of the incident, which had created some excitement on the floor appeared in the Record. It was not this action involving complete altercation of the published official reports of the proceedings that prompted the investigation. That phase of the matter is too common an occurrence to excite even comment. It was the fact that a newspaper man had been "guilty of a breach of the privilege of members" in seeking an explanation of the suppression of the speeches from one of the participants in the heated debate, "on the floor of the House."

The Record will remain the organ of what Congressmen conclude, after deliberation they ought to have said, rather than what they actually said.

The River and Harbor Appropriation Bill which has been in conference for several weeks, is still rounding the rocks but the chances for an early agreement are encouraging. The division among the conferees is due in large measure to agreeing to certain projects inserted by the Senate in the Bill, particularly the so-called Beaumont-Orange project in the State of Texas. The other item, which seems to be a stumbling block, particularly with the conferees on the part of the House, is that containing the National Waterways Commission, of which Senator Burton of Ohio, is chairman. The House committee on Rivers and Harbors, in the preparation of the Bill, saw no good reason why the National Waterways Commission should be continued, as the Commission devoted a considerable portion of the summer of 1909 and fall in an official investigation of the waterways of Europe and also the United States. Members of the committee on the part of the House felt that the Commission had performed its work and now that an annual River and Harbor bill seems to be generally agreed upon by Congress as the right policy to be pursued by the Federal Government, any further appropriation for the Commission would be a useless extravagance. The Senate, however, restored the Waterways Commission to the bill thereby throwing the bill into conference on this and other items, which has contributed much toward holding an agreement back. It is expected, however, that an early agreement will be reached and the bill on it's way to the President early this week, the next meeting of the conference committee being held on Tuesday.

The National Rivers and Harbors Congress, of which Joseph E. Ransdell, a Member of Congress from Louisiana is President, and who will in all probability be selected as the next chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee of the House, has labored incessantly for an annual River and Harbor bill on the theory that the best way to improve the inland waters of continental United States would be to make an annual appropriation for meritorious improvements as recommended by the board of engineers of the army, in order that their development might be completed within reasonable time.

An increase of the membership of the House of Representatives to 433 will necessitate marked changes in [illegible] arrangement of the floor in order to accomodate the additional [illegible] and average the facilities of all. With each recurring census for many years it has been the practice to increase the membership of the House until now the floor space with the exception of needed aisles is filled with desks and seats. Now that the splendid "office building" or "annex" affords every member a commodious room for the transaction of his congressional duties it is urged that the desks can be removed from the floor of the House without entailing any real inconvenience. However, there are members—many of them apparently—who while advocating the increased number object to relinquishing their desks. As all members must be given equal comfort and facilities it will be up to the officials and architects to discover some plan to seat the enlarged membership.

PRUNE NOW.

"During the dormant season is the time to prune your trees if you wish to promote their growth," says Prof. Surface, State Zoologist of Pennsylvania. He further adds that the first treatment of a tree infested with San Jose scale or any other serious pest should be to prune in accordance with the severity of the injury. "It makes no difference what has caused the damage to the tree, it should be laid down to the general rule to prune back the top in accordance with the amount of injury from which the tree has suffered. When a tree has been attacked by scale it is injured much worse than its outward appearance would indicate, and the pruning should consequently be very severe."

Among the purposes of pruning are to get rid of superfluous limbs, twigs and brush to shape the top of the tree, to open the head in order to let in the heat, light and air, and thus ripen perfect fruit in the interior, to bring down, or lower, the top of the tree by cutting away the superfluous upper stories, to prune away all dead and dying parts, and get rid of pests by pruning off and burning to promote the growth in certain desired directions by severe cutting in others, to get rid of branches that are too long to be reached by the spray pump, to take out branches that would cover others and thus prevent perfect spraying, to thin the fruit and prevent the weakening of the tree by overbearing, to insure the growth and life of recently planted trees, and to invigorate feeble trees by leaving but a few buds to be pushed into active growth instead of many developed but partially.

To insure best results from pruning a branch it should always be cut just above a living branch that is to remain, and with the slope of the cut in the same direction as the surface of the remaining branch. The surface of the cut stub can then be painted with ordinary oil paint. The best material to use in pure white lead and raw linseed oil. The pruning can be done at any time during the dormant season or before the buds burst. For the purpose of economy of spraying material, and thoroughness of work, it is important for the pruning to be completed before the spraying is undertaken. Grape vines should be pruned very closely leaving many short stubs. This should be done soon or before the sap starts to flow, but pruning after the sap starts, causing the vines to "bleed," is not such a serious matter as one would suppose. It really results in no serious injury. All old raspberry and blackberry canes should be cut out and burned. Gooseberry and currant stalks over three years old should be pruned out. The cuttings from grape, gooseberries, currants and quince can be planted in the ground, and used to grow others if desired. To do so they should be well cultivated, in moist fertile soil.

DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

When the first English left their homes in Northern Germany to come to Britain, they brought with them, if not the poem Beowulf, at least the material for it. Therefore the English have never been without a literature. When nearly 1200 years later, their children set sail for the New World, they brought with them all the traditions of this old and honorable literature. Since the Americans spoke the same language and thought the same thoughts, no ocean was wide enough to cut them off entirely from the literary stream of their ancestors. There can not be, therefore, in the strictest sense, a beginning to American literature. It must be, in some measure, but the continuation, in a new country and under new conditions, of what had already been begun.

On the other hand, the circumstances of the removal from the mother country were such as to check for a time the current of literary creation, and to give literary endeavors, when they should be renewed, a new direction. In the south, where the finding of gold and the redeeming of wrecked fortunes were the chief issues, and where the governor thanked God that there were no free schools or printing, there was naturally no literature.

Interest in such matters increased as one went north, reaching its climax in New England. Prof. Woodbury says: "There on Massachusetts Bay, a book had come with the people, and every ship, loaded with the 20,-one souls of the first emigration, brought it the book that has oftenest crossed the seas of all the books of men the Bible. They turned to their one book, and more frequently, as their descendents now turn to whole libraries, and found in it the mirror of life."

Of its value in its literary capacity, he goes on to say; "If it be the function of literature to lift the thoughts of men, to educate the emotions, to shape the character toward ideal ends, to exalt and to console, and always to minister to the spirit in its walk on earth, the Bible discharged this office in the early generation of the New England settlements with an adequacy, a constancy, a penetration, a completeness of efficacy such as is hardly to be paralleled in history. It was their rubric of prayer, their lyric of praise, the parable of their morality; and they adapted it to be the epic of their growing state, where they, too, were a chosen people of God planted in the wilderness."

But the very greatness of this book and the prominent place that it occupied tended to discourage the production of original writings. They felt no need of any other book. The true native literature of early New England, therefore, is that which records their adventures, privations, manner of life, and religious fervor. And these records are not to be found in any attempts at so-called polite literature, but in the chronicles, letters and journals of the time.

But as years passed, a new element entered into the thought of the people,—the political. The struggle with England was growing more and more eminent; and patriotic zeal to quite an extent took the place of religious fervor. Hence there sprang up a new class of writing which was not confined to New England, but which had a vigorous growth throughout the colonies. In fact, the most memorable productions of the Revolutionary Period, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and Washington's Farewell Address, were all the work of Southerners. And no where can clearer or more vigorous English be found.

But it was not until the quiet and prosperous times following the Revolution that literature for itself began to be thought of. Americans were reading the same books as their English cousins; the only difference being that they read them somewhat later; so that the beginning of the eighteenth century in England is closely linked in literary succession with the beginning of the nineteenth century in America. Libraries were being started, and readers were plentiful. Numbers of writers appeared; Philadelphia, and then New York, being the literary centers, though Boston was never without its authors.

From the many writers of this time, three rise somewhat above the dead level of the majority.—Philip Frenean, Charles Brockdon Brown and Richard Henry Dana the elder. They are said

(Continued on Page 8.)

Students Taking Agriculture.

A large number of students are taking the course of Agriculture offered by the Clarion State Normal School. The work, which is in charge of Prof. Walter R. Egbert, is being taken up by the students with fine enthusiasm. A recently published Bulletin gives a complete outline of the Special Courses at this most popular school. Write for further information.

Feb. 23-1t J. George Becht, Prin.

For Sale.

8 improved vacant lots at Crosby, Pa. 2 show cases, 1 money drawer, paper rack and counter. House and 3 acres of land situated between Crosby and Colegove, Pa., with other buildings.

VOLNEY F. DUNBAR,
Feb.2-12t Portville, N. Y.

White Steamer For Sale.

1908 (seven passenger) in first class condition, top, windshield, large sized prest-o-lite tank, speedometer, two extra outer casings, four extra inner tubes, full set of tools, extra set of pumps, and numerous other extras, all for $800. Inquire of

O. J. HAMLIN,
Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,
Feb.16-tf Smethport, Pa.

For Sale or Rent.

One of the best houses in Smethport, located on delightful grounds, together with barns and several acres of land. For further information call on or address

H. C. WELLS,
Feb.9-4t Smethport, Pa.

WOMEN, sell guaranteed hose. 70 per cent. profit. Make $10 daily. Full or part time. Beginners investigate. Strong-Knit, Box 4029, West Philadelphia, Pa. Feb.9-6t

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Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
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BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS
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JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

$3.75
For A Suit of Clothing
Not our best but a GOOD SUIT. You can take our best suit at
$13.95
All suits and overcoats below cost. Your choice of Black and Blues as well as Fancy Patterns.
Give us a call
H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

YOU WILL SMILE
when you find that you can get a good pair of men's winter shoes here for as low as $5.00. Made of good leather, made to wear, and yet good looking enough for anybody. Ladies' heavy walking shoes, winter weight, now selling at $3.50. Worth a dollar more.
Storm shoes, Overshoes, Rubbers for everybody, young and old.
ANDERSON & CARLSON'S,
The Shoe Men,
Smethport, Penna.

Brasted's Finest in BAKERY Goods
Groceries and Confectionery.

This is Our
Final Clean-Up
SALE
COME EARLY
The one you have been waiting for. We intend to clean up on everything in the house winter goods especially. But we have a large stock of odd lots in medium weight and light weight goods that will be included in this wonderful clean-up. Everything goes—not one article will be reserved. All our Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Gloves, Umbrellas, Trunks, Suit Cases, Rubber Coats, Etc. Make your money do double duty the next few days by taking advantage of this GREAT SALE.
$35.00 Suits and Overcoats now $23.50
$30.00 and $28.00 Suits and Overcoats Now $19.50
IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House.
Bradford, Pa.

Lover and Husband

A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.—Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." 1773

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Jewelers.
Our line is complete in
Gold, Silver, and Precious Stones.
Special attention is given to Watch repairing and Engraving.
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SMETHPORT, PA.

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The undersigned offers for sale any or all of its property located in this borough.—
Eleven Houses will be sold at one-half actual value.
Prices range from $475.00 to $625.00 Including lots.
Also 50 building lots.
See Jas. A. McKean, D. M. Brasted or C. D. Comes for prices, quick.
Smethport Land and Improvement Co.

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Prices on Tires, Tubes and Repairing have been greatly Reduced.
NOW IS THE TIME TO HAVE YOUR TIRES
Recovered, Retreaded or Repaired.
SMETHPORT INNER TUBES Are guaranteed to give satisfaction. SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more Mileage from OLD CASINGS.
A Full Line of Sundries in Stock
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SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.
Smethport, Penn'a.

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CLEARANCE SALE
—OF—
THE LINDHOLM CO.
Ends March 4

THE TIME to supply your needs, [present or future] from the many lines offered in this Great Clearance Sale.

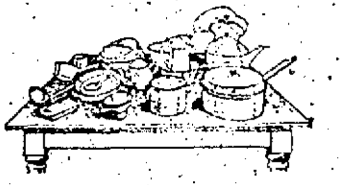
A Number of unadvertised Special Values for SATURDAY

Every dollar spent here during this sale will be the best investment you have made. If you doubt it, you can convince yourself by looking over the values for this sale.

It Will Save Your Money.

The Lindholm Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

THE NEWEST FAD
WEDDING PRESENTS



WEDDING PRESENTS

SEND THE BRIDE A
NIAGARA WEDDING SET

A COMPLETE KITCHEN OUTFIT OF TWENTY PIECES OF THE PRETTIEST ENAMELED WARE EVER MADE

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE
THE MOST SATISFACTORY
THE MOST USEFUL

WEDDING PRESENT YOU CAN BUY. IT WILL MAKE THE BRIDE'S KITCHEN THE BRIGHTEST ROOM IN THE HOUSE.

Daly & Garlick's

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 23, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Lent begins next Wednesday.

—This good sleighing is welcomed by the woodsmen.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Workley on Sunday, Feb. 19, 1911, a girl.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Archie Malcom on Sunday, Feb. 19, 1911, a boy.

—Don't fail to read the advertisement of Daly & Garlick in this issue.

—Miss Rita Gorton has been confined to the house with tonsilitis for the past week.

—Chadwick's orchestra furnished music for a very pleasant dancing party at Mt. Jewett Monday evening.

—Miss Edith McGuire entertained the Bridge Whist Club at the Grand Central hotel last Thursday afternoon.

—The Epworth League of the M. E. church will give one of their well-known "Penny" socials in the chapel Friday evening Feb. 24 at 8 o'clock.

—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Bell entertained a number of friends at their home on West Main street Saturday evening.

—Mrs. Thomas H. Morrison entertained a number of ladies at her home on West Main street Monday evening at Bridge whist.

—Master Osbourne Abbey entertained several little boys at his home on Water street last Monday, the occasion being his third anniversary.

—Yesterday was Washington's birthday and the banks and postoffice were closed. Several business places were appropriately decorated.

—Miss May Choate and Mrs. C. C. Choate entertained a party of ladies at Bridge whist at the former's home on King street yesterday afternoon.

—Miss Vinnie Campbell, one of the teachers in the borough schools, is suffering from an attack of grip. Her place is being filled by Mrs. Stanley Bright.

—A clam chowder supper will be held next Saturday at the Methodist chapel at five o'clock. Admission twenty-five cents. Proceeds for church debt fund.

—Frank Hill of Olean, said to have been despondent over family troubles, committed suicide at the Imperial hotel, West State street, Olean, last Thursday night, by taking a dose of carbolic acid.

—Someone has said: "A store's advertising space in a newspaper, compared with the space used by other stores, should define its comparative importance in the community." Does your store's advertising space do that?

—Mrs. Margaret H. Johnson and Clinton Burdick, both of this city, were united in marriage at the Stafford house in Buffalo, February 15, Rev. G. C. Hass, of St. Paul's church officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ortel, of Wheaton, Ill., attended the couple. —Bradford Era. Mr. Burdick was a former Smethport resident who has numerous friends and relatives in this vicinity. The Miner extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Burdick.

—The license of the St. James Hotel, Bradford, was transferred at the court house by Judge J. W. Bouton on Friday last from R. H. Fox to the firm of Fox and Hopley, who will conduct this popular hostelry in the future.

—Last Friday morning in one of our prominent business places, two men of this borough had an encounter which resulted in one of them carrying a darkened optic for several days. It is claimed that it was a good exhibition of the manly art.

—Miss Beatrice Gifford has accepted the position of chief operator of the Bell telephone office in this borough, in place of Miss Sylvia Lawrence. Miss Lawrence has accepted a more lucrative position in Bradford, for which place she will soon leave.

—In our write-up of the marriage of Miss Blanche Bush and M. J. Cole last week, we stated that the wedding ceremony took place at the M. E. parsonage, in this we were misinformed. The marriage took place at the home of the bride's parents in Keating township.

—George W. Mitchell, who has been confined to the house for the past month with a broken leg, has just passed through a very serious seige of pneumonia. The many friends of the former sheriff and prothonotary will be pleased to learn that he is now on the rapid road to recovery.

—A fair sized audience witnessed the semi-professional vaudeville entertainment at the Lyceum last night given by the members of the second division of the Aid Society of St. Elizabeth's church. The attraction consisted of instrumental and musical numbers, dancing and "Thirty Minutes of Magic" by Harris Somers. All numbers were creditably rendered.

The "Thursday Night Sewing Club," composed of about 15 young maids and matrons of this place, have rented the Kerns building east of Brennan's grocery store. It is being furnished and fitted up and will be used for a club house. It has been named "The Nook." To-morrow evening there will be a house-warming at which time refreshments will be served. The regular Thursday night meetings will be held there in the future.

—The Caveny Clay Moulders, who gave a performance at the Smethport Lyceum last Thursday night under the auspices of the Smethport Fire Department gave a very satisfactory exhibition before a fair-sized audience. The clay moulding of well-known figures and features by Mr. Caveny was remarkable and the singing of Mrs. Caveny was well received.

—The Layman's Missionary Movement will hold a banquet at the Methodist chapel on the 7th of March. This movement is the foremost organization of the world along missionary lines and the men of Smethport are guaranteed an entertaining and instructive time if they will come out to this banquet. Dr. Tincher and Dr. Hattstone will be the speakers of the occasion. Every man is cordially urged to present. Watch for further announcements.

—Warren is to have an Old Home Week celebration during the coming summer if plans made by the Warren Business Men's Association do not miscarry, as it was decided at the annual meeting of that organization held recently in their office in the Warren National bank building that the matter should be referred to a committee and initial steps be taken at once with a view of having a celebration that would be a credit and a boost for the town.

—Mme. Emma Eames, the prima donna, it is said, will soon marry de Gorgoza, the baritone. Mme. Eames fell desperately in love with de Gorgorza some time ago but as he was already married there were difficulties. However it is now claimed that these difficulties have been overcome by Mme. Eames paying Mme. de Gorgorza $100,000 for her husband and the nuptials will be celebrated in the early spring. Great is the power of money.

—The Travellers' Club held a very interesting meeting at their club rooms last Saturday afternoon. Mrs. D. L. Forsythe read an introductory paper on "Hygiene," which was followed by an able paper on "Child Hygiene" by Dr. Persis Straight of Bradford. After the reading of this paper many questions were asked by the members present and much valuable information was received. Mrs. J. S. Walker and Miss Gleason rendered musical numbers. Tea was served.

—A silver gray fox was killed on Tuesday of last week by Thomas Yentzer of Roulette on the hills between Sartwell creek and Fishing creek. This is the first silver-gray fox captured in this section for many years. A specie of animal that is getting very scarce in America is evidenced by the prices offered for their pelts. A fine specimen of the silver-gray fox will bring as high as $800, so Mr. Yentzer's capture of this animal is considered a nice streak of luck.

—A. J. Johnson, a Coudersport young man, became suddenly insane last Thursday morning, while working in the Pennsylvania Window Glass Company's plant at Kane, and it was with considerable effort that his companions kept him from doing himself and others bodily injury. He was taken to the lockup where he was confined until the commissioners of Potter county came and took him to North Warren. He had a widowed mother in Coudersport, and many friends hope for his speedy recovery from his mental troubles.

—George S. Ramsey, general manager of the Shawmut railroad, died suddenly at St. Marys, Pa., on Tuesday, aged 54 years. The deceased was a victim of an attack of acute indigestion. He had been attentive to his affairs, as usual in the forenoon of the day on which he was stricken and his death came as a great shock to his numerous friends. E. E. Taite of Bradford, president of the Shawmut Railroad company, was notified of the death yesterday and will leave for St. Marys to-day to attend the funeral. Mr. Ramsay leaves a widow and three daughters, says this morning's Era.

—It is not only nonsensical but rather risky to rub your face against that of a dog and kiss it, or allow the dog to lick your face. Man is not guilty of such craziness because he may have some sense and less affection than the fair sex. But we can't see what pleasure or satisfaction there is in such "dog-gone" carressing. No matter how cleanly the dog may be kept he is by nature a scavenger and will eat all kinds of decaying refuse. Therefore the saliva of a dog often contains a very deadly microbe which may be communicated to human beings attacking the liver with fatal results.—Ex. However it is said that one Smethport young man sometimes indulges in the pastime of kissing his pet dog.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Burdick returned home Tuesday from Harrisburg.

Mrs. M. S. Comes was an Olean visitor the latter part of last week.

Earl Hafner returned home from Westfield, N. Y., Saturday.

H. C. Wells passed Sunday with relatives and friends in Fort Erie, Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young left yesterday for an extended visit to Jamaica.

Edward McCarthy was visiting relatives and friends in St. Marys last week.

Samuel E. Bell left Monday for Oklahoma, in the interests of his oil holdings.

Merle Cosper of Port Allegany is visiting his mother, Mrs. Mary Cosper on Cemetery street.

Mrs. Sheridan Gorton returned home last Thursday from a week's visit with Buffalo friends.

Emmett Oviatt left Monday for Whittier, California, where he will visit his sister, Mrs. Arthur Miller, and family.

Mrs. A. M. Thamm of Bradford was in town yesterday in attendance at her grandfather's funeral, the late William Pratt.

M. S. Comes was in Buffalo last week consulting eye specialists about his eye. Mr. Comes has not as yet received any relief.

Mrs. H. S. Rogers and daughters of Mt. Jewett were guests at the home of Mrs. Rogers' father, H. M. Choate, a few days this week.

Mrs. Gordon Stadholme and daughter, Margaret, of Port Allegany, were the guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holder, this week.

H. H. Redfield and Guy McCoy returned home Saturday from a trip to the big lumbering operations of the Great Southern Lumber Company at Bogalusa.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Wood and W. L. Curtis of this city; Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest of Smethport, and Mrs. Mary Barbour of Buffalo, sailed yesterday from New York on the steamship Avon for a cruise of the West Indies. The initiary includes Havana, Porto Rico, Panama, Martinique and the Bermudas.—Bradford Sunday Herald.

Subscribe for The Miner.

Advertise in The Miner.

ODDS and ENDS

From our recent big sale we have a few odd lots which you can buy

At Your Own Price

These lots consist of Shoes, Hats, Suits, Overcoats, Raincoats and Children's Suits, all of which, *we guarantee* to be strictly new and up-to-date wearables. Come in, examine these goods, make us any reasonable offer and you can carry with you any or all, of the above named articles at less than the cost of materials these goods are made of.

MONHEIMER'S

Wooltex Garments — Home Journal Patterns — Cluett Shirts

COATS, SUITS & FURS
HALF PRICE

If you have put off buying the Furs or Winter Coats this is your opportunity.

We offer this seasons garments, right up to the minute in style and bearing the "WOOLTEX" label which is a guarantee of satisfactory service at just half regular prices. Bear in mind, too, that our regular prices are much lower than most stores, quality considered.

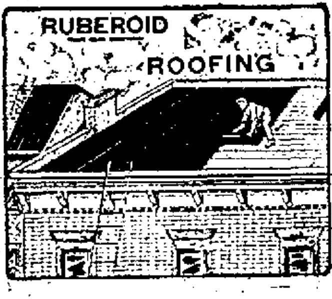
9 Misses Coats—Novelty Cloths—size 8 to 17
Regular prices $7.75 to $16.50 Now $3.38 to $8.25
8 Ladies Coats—Novelty Cloths—sizes 19 to 40
Regular prices $19.50 to 38.50 Now $9.75 to $19.25
13 Suits Navy, Blacks and Novelty Cloths sizes 16 to 40
Regular prices $21.50 to $27.50 Now $10.75 to $13.75

Furs, Scarfs, Muffs and Sets
Blacks, Browns and Grays
Regular prices $2.85 to $16.50 Now $1.38 to $9.75

FRY & COMES

The store that sells "WOOLTEX."

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

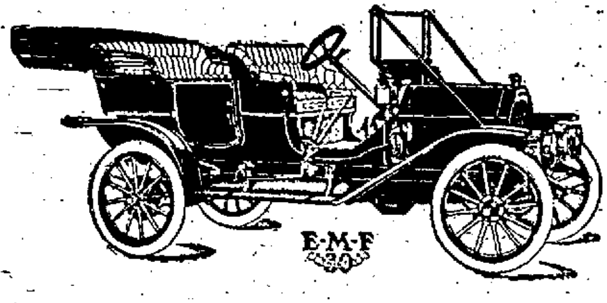
by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.



WE ARE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE E-M-F 30, FLANDERS 20, SELDEN and PEERLESS.

The production of such a wonderful car as the E-M-F 30, at such a small price is nothing short of a mechanical miracle. made of the very best material, mechanically correct. 108 inch wheel base, selective sliding change speed and full 30 H. P. engine. All models with standard equipment $1,000.00, silk finished mohair top and folding windshield $50.00 extra.

The FLANDERS 20 is a little beauty of a car and will go anywhere any big car can go. Price $700.00 [illegible] unconditional guarantee given with both of the above cars.

If you want a large medium price car of well known quality and service buy the Famous SELDON. Prices [illegible] to $2500.00 with standard equipment.

If you want the VERY BEST CAR ever made, anywhere, by anybody in the whole world, then buy the BEAUTIFUL BIG SIX CYLINDER PEERLESS. Price $6,000.00, complete equipment.

Our garage is managed by a journeyman machinist, who learned his trade in a big automobile factory and he is one of the very best men in his line. We make a specialty of overhauling big, high-priced cars and absolutely guarantee our work to give entire satisfaction.

In our Rubber Works Dept. we do all kinds of Tire Repairing, manufacture inner tubes, tire reliners, patches &c., and our prices are right. We also carry a good line of accessories, Prest-O-Lite tanks, etc.

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OUR BRANDS
religiously duplicate those shore conditions and send to the inland home the sweetest flesh of Codfish, Lobster, Shrimp, Salmon, and other fish exquisitely prepared.

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INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident
—WRITTEN BY—
W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.
In good reliable companies

The Sky-Man

By
Henry Ketchell Webster

Illustrations by Chas. W. Rosser

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CHAPTER XVII. — Footprints warn Cayley of the presence of Roscoe, and measures are taken to fortify the hut.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Cayley kills a wounded polar bear and, finding a rifle bullet in its body, receives the first intimation that the ruffian possesses firearms. Jeanne wakes Philip during the night to tell him the hut is on fire.

CHAPTER XIX.

Roscoe.

Roscoe had never been able to clear up his doubt as to Jeanne's identity, nor to solve the mystery of Cayley's appearance in the air. The doubt and the mystery tormented him worse than any final conviction could have done. When he thought, as he sometimes did, that the cause of all his terror, the thing which kept him penned up here in the cave and denied him access to more than the furtive edges of the beach, might be just a rather defenseless human couple, a man and a woman, and the woman beautiful, young, alluring—when he thought of all that he would go off into transports of rage, which left even his gigantic body limp and exhausted. If that were the situation, he might have killed the man weeks ago and taken possession of the woman.

The thing that kept him sane was, in itself, a species of insanity, the passion for gold which had led him to murder Captain Fielding. Every day he tramped up the glacier to the gold ledge and there, while the light lasted, he worked, cutting the precious metal out of the rock, and with infinite labor beating it pure.

As the weeks and months dragged along, this unvaried routine more than compensated for the solitude and the terrors his superstition thrust upon him, and gradually restored him to his old normal, formidable, brutal self. On the day when he made the discovery that was to terminate the long series of golden days which Jeanne and Philip had been enjoying, he was, again, the very man who, during those long years of exile, had dominated crew and captain of the Walrus and bent them to his will.

He was returning from the ledge along the crown of the glacier, when, on the day of this discovery, he found that his accustomed path was interrupted by a new fissure in the ice; it had occurred since he had come that way in the morning, and was too broad to leap across. So he was forced to descend by the rougher and more difficult track which lay along the moraine.

Before he had gone three paces along this track his eye made out something, just off his path and a little below it, which caused him at first to utter a snarl of anger, but led him the next moment to give a wild blasphemous yell of joy.

The great fissure which had opened in the ice had done, in an instant, what the party from the Aurora had failed to do after hours of hard labor—it had yielded up the body of Perry Hunter, which, during all these months, it had kept imprisoned.

Strapped across the dead man's shoulders, just where he had carried it in life, was a rifle and around his middle a belt full of cartridges.

The next instant Roscoe was bending over the body, jerking savagely at the frozen buckles which resisted his impatient fingers. But they were not to be denied. If they were clumsy, the hands were strong.

It was not five minutes later when Roscoe, rifle and ammunition belt in his hands, was hurrying on toward his cave once more. The body lay just where his desecrating hands had left it.

The rifle was uninjured; that he had seen at a glance, though, of course, all the mechanism of its breech was frozen fast. But a half hour's hard work with cleaning rod and rags of what once had been a shirt, sufficed to put it into commission again.

Then, with the rifle over his shoulder, he swaggered out of the cave. With his first glance abroad, he started. His devil was being kind to him today. There could be no doubt of that. Only, was he being too kind? Roscoe wondered a little uneasily. For, shambling along the ice, through the thickening twilight, not 100 paces away, was a big bear. Roscoe was tired of walrus meat. The thought of a bear steak made his mouth water.

Three years' disuse, however, had made his marksmanship somewhat uncertain. He fired too soon, and though he did not miss, the only effect his shot had was to make the bear turn about and go shambling down the glacier toward the beach, with ungainly haste. Roscoe hurried after him, and fired two more shots. Whether they hit or not, he could not tell. Certainly they did not serve to check the bear's flight. The next moment he had rounded the corner of the cliff and disappeared down the beach in the direction of the hut.

Roscoe hesitated, but only for a moment; then, with an oath, he set out in pursuit. It was not so much the protection which the rifle afforded him that was responsible for this new courage as it was that the mere feel of it in his hands brought him back in touch once more with the everyday matter of fact world, and made his visions and ghosts seem a little unreal.

It was fully dark down here in the shadow of the cliff. The lumbering yellow shape of the bear was indistinguishable against the icy beach. That didn't matter, for he could follow along well enough by the bloody tracks the wounded beast had left.

The last of the twilight was still in the sky, and half his glances were directed thither, looking for something which he told himself could not possibly exist, except in his own fancy, yet fully expected to see nevertheless, the shadow of Cayley's great wings. And at last he saw it, impending in the lower air, like a brooding spirit, just above the tiny square of light which marked the location of the hut.

Roscoe abandoned his pursuit of the bear; all thought of it, in fact, was gone from his mind; but he did not, as on a former occasion, drop down, prone upon the ground, his face buried in his arms; nor did he turn and flee like one hag-ridden up the beach. He faltered, it is true, and his knees trembled beneath him, and yet, slowly and with many pauses he made his way forward.

He was horribly afraid all the time, but curiosity was all the while overpowering fear. He was not more than 200 yards away when Cayley alighted beside the girl.

At what he saw then, Roscoe dropped his rifle on the beach, with a whispered oath, and rubbed his eyes. The light which diffused itself from the open window of the hut was not much, but it was enough to reveal the fact that this great, man-bird, this golden-winged spirit which had kept him in terror for his own sanity all these months, was taking off his wings and folding them up into a bundle, in as matter-of-fact a way as if he were furling an umbrella. He stood there now, just an ordinary human figure of a man; the very man, in fact, that he had seen before and would have killed long ago had it not been for his over-mastering terror of the thing with wings.

He presented a fair mark now, and was in easy range, but Roscoe was too thoroughly astonished to seize the opportunity, and in a moment it was gone again. The two figures straight into the shadow of the hut, and the next moment the light disappeared.

For a moment, an accession of rage against the two who had baffled him and enjoyed immunity from him so long, almost led him to attempt to break into the hut then and there, and settle matters; but his saner common sense told him that the settlement would almost inevitably be against him should he attempt it.

He Fired Too Soon.

He was still entertaining this notion, however, when a luminous idea occurred to him. Around on the far side of the hut, the west side, which looked toward the headlands, was a good-sized heap of fire-wood, which Philip had not been able to find room for inside the hut. Roscoe had with him a flint and steel and a quantity of tow. He never traveled without them.

With infinite precaution against noise he began laying a fire against the windward wall of the hut. Squatting, with his rifle across his knees ready to use in case of an emergency, he methodically whittled a quantity of dry splinters off a few of the sticks, ignited them and carefully nursed the blaze, until, under the rising wind, it grew to the beginning of a fair-sized conflagration. Then, catching up his rifle, he slipped around the other side of the hut, crouching down not more than 20 paces away, and waited.

Already the fire was burning finely and the silhouetted outline of the hut was plain against the glow of it.

His plan was a good one. The people inside the hut would have no choice and, probably, no thought, but of escape. When they rushed out, as they almost certainly would, bewildered and confused, and plainly visible to him against the glow of the fire behind them, it would be easy, from the safe shelter of the darkness, to shoot —the man.

It was only, indeed, by the merest hair's breadth that Roscoe's plain failed to work. The instinct of escape by the nearest way from a burning building is almost irresistible, and it led Philip and Jeanne to the very edge of the destruction, which Roscoe had planned for them.

Cayley had his hand upon the bolt of the great door, whither he had sprung when Jeanne's cry had awakened him, before the saving second thought stayed him and held him frozen where he was. For perhaps five seconds he stood there, while the memory of the unexplained bullet-hole he had found in the body of the great bear, and the belated observation that the fire, which was destroying the hut, must have been started outside of it, articulated themselves into a perfectly clear perception of Roscoe's plan.

"The other way! The other way!" he cried, motioning Jeanne back through the storeroom. "Into the cave. He is waiting for us outside. That's why he fired the hut. Quick. We must save all we can."

And so it happened that Roscoe waited in vain. He saw the blaze he had kindled reach its fiery climax, and then in spite of the icy gale which was fanning it, die down into an angry, sullen, smouldering glow. But no man appeared to furnish a mark for his waiting rifle, and no woman was delivered defenseless, shelterless, into his brutish hands.

The failure of his plan brought back a moment or two of the old superstitious horror, but his mind was braced against it now and did not readily give way. Somehow, the failure must be accountable—humanly accountable.

At last he solved this mystery, too, partly solved it, at least, for he remembered the ice cave back of the hut. His first impulse, when he thought of it, was to attack them there and now, to charge in over the red hot coals of the hut and settle matters once and for all.

He was sane enough to see that the advantage would be all against him. In close quarters he could not do much with a rifle; and he remembered the deadly revolver shooting he had seen upon the body of the bear. Also, he would have to go into the dark, with the firelight behind him. No. It wouldn't do. He must wait. Well, he could afford to wait—much better than they could.

Reluctantly he rose, turned his broad back to the gale, and began making his laborious way back to the cave.

It was high time. His face was frozen already. The intensity of the cold had already rendered his rifle useless, for the whole mechanism of the breech was frozen fast. His stratagem had failed in its ultimate intention, for nature had laid her great icy hand upon the board and for the present declared the game a draw.

(To be continued.)

What We Are Coming To.

[illegible]
[illegible]
The w[illegible] ripped apart
[illegible] of [illegible]

Th[illegible] shall [illegible] be shaved,
[illegible]
And [illegible] shall betray
[illegible]

Th[illegible] shall be bare and plain,
[illegible] so wrong,
And [illegible] shall remain on board
Throughout the voyage long.

And when at last they shall have sped
Across the briny foam
Adown the gangplank, lock step marched,
The sovereigns shall come home.
—Brooklyn Life.

News to Him.

"When I was in Europe this summer," said Gayman, trying to entertain the minister, "I got quite interested in some of them old churches."

"Indeed!" replied Rev. Mr. Gassaway. "I suppose you know St. Paul's in London?"

"No. You don't tell me? What hotel's he stopping at?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Silencing Complaints.

The town complains at noisy carts
And milkmen rattling far and near,
At all night locomotive shrieks
That rend the peaceful atmosphere.

It threatens fiercely and protests
Whene'er the huckster's voice ascends
And hastens to demand relief
When rags with apples loudly blends.

But when the heavens sundered are
And thunders in their anger speak,
Behold, the people bear up well!
Behold, how patient and how meek!
—Buffalo Express.

Single file or double,
Sighin' time or smile,
It's such a joyous trouble
We'll tackle it awhile.

Such a fine possession—
Every merry mile
We'll follow the procession—
We'll tackle it awhile!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Bessie—Wonder why several of the men at the wedding the other night didn't congratulate the bridegroom.

James—I suppose it was because they were all married themselves.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

I don't believe, as has been said,
That "a dollar saved is a dollar made,"
For a dollar saved today tomorrow 'd
Be pretty certain to be borrowed.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

MONUMENTS TO WOMEN.

Aunt Laura Haviland, a Quakeress who served as a nurse in the civil war, has a monument at Adrian, Mich.

Mary Ann Ball-Bickerdyke, the famous army nurse, has a monument in the public park at Galesburg, Ill.

Emma Sansen, a Confederate heroine who guided General Forrest over the mountains, has a statue at Gadsden, Ala.

Maria Mitchell, professor of astronomy at Vassar college, has had an observatory erected in her honor at Nantucket.

There is a bronze figure of the late Mrs. Leland Stanford in the quadrangle of the Leland Stanford, Jr., university at Palo Alto, Cal.

Kate Shelly, a farmer's daughter in Iowa, has a monument erected in her honor at Dubuque because she saved a train from destruction.

Mary Draper Ingals, the first white bride married west of the Allegheny mountains, has a monument in Fairfield cemetery, Radford, Vt.

A monument of Mrs. Kerenhappuck Norman Turner, who rode on horseback from Maryland to North Carolina to nurse her son, who had been badly wounded in battle, stands on the battlefield near Guilford, N. C.

Sporting Notes.

No more fights to a finish for Jack Johnson. He figures on outpointing his adversaries in limited round contests.

Johnny Evers, the Cubs' second sacker, is stagestruck. Having the monologue fever, he's listening to the siren call of the vaudeville tempter. His stipend will be in the neighborhood of $500 a week.

The Crescent Athletic club of New York may send its lacrosse team to Great Britain next spring. In a trip in 1897 through Great Britain the club's team did not lose any of thirteen games played, tying in one and winning all the other games.

Aerial Flights.

The aviator never need worry but what he'll be able to come back anyway.—Washington Times.

It used to be said that "riches have wings." The modern version is that "wings have riches." Professional aviators have earned more than $700,000 in the last six months.—Rochester Democrat-Chronicle.

People who know what it is to cross the English channel in boats will be glad to hear that it can be done by balloon. If a balloon service is established it will be a serious blow to the seasick route.—Philadelphia Press.

Current Comment.

The happiest woman we know of is the one who has twenty-one Christmas gifts bought already.—Detroit Free Press.

The worst feature of laundering paper money is that it costs just as much to wash a dollar bill as a thousand dollar bill.—Washington Post.

An Ohio boy has invented an engine which uses gunpowder as the motive power. This may drive the motorcycle to the necessity of adopting dynamite to save its laurels as a noise producer.—Toledo Blade.

The Royal Box.

The kaiser is master of six languages.

King Alfonso of Spain is immensely popular with the army. Both officers and men seem devoted to him.

Princess Patricia, one of the most beautiful members of the European royalty, is the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

Alexandra, the queen dowager of England, complains bitterly that her income of $250,000 a year is utterly inadequate to meet her needs.

Census Returns.

Let us not worry much over the recent census, but take time to make things hum in preparation for the census of 1920.—Baltimore Sun.

Louisville is described as the gateway of the south. The recent census returns would indicate that people just passed through.—Louisville Post.

Gary, Ind., is entitled to the palm for growth, according to the census reports—in 1900, nil; in 1910, 16,802. Can you figure the per cent?—Boston Herald.

Animal Oddities.

A dog has forty-two teeth.

A bee can fly 20 per cent faster than a pigeon.

There are nearly 27,000 reindeer in Alaska, the descendants of about 600 which were imported less than a dozen years ago.

The largest spider in the world was discovered in Sumatra. Its body is nine inches in circumference, and its legs spread seventeen inches.

German Gleanings.

Germany has a "constant" wheat area of 4,700,000 acres.

Germany has 500 music schools. Of these 185 belong to Berlin.

In Germany a merchant was recently heavily fined for using a quotation from the Bible at the head of an advertisement.

Statistics of the German army show that neurasthenia is three and a half times as prevalent among the soldiers as it was a decade ago, while hysteria cases are twice as numerous.

SIRES AND SONS.

M. Aristide Briand, the French premier, began his career as a barrister.

President Braga of the new republic of Portugal is said to be in favor of woman suffrage.

As in the cases of Grover Cleveland and Charles E. Hughes, the father of Governor Judson Harmon of Ohio was a preacher.

Senator Crane of Massachusetts is known in Washington as the most silent man in public life. The thing that he never does is to talk to newspaper men about news.

M. Fernand Forest of Paris, who has recently been awarded the cross of the Legion of Honor, was the first inventor to construct an explosive motor. He exhibited one as far back as 1886.

Felix E. Donnelly, who has been a street car conductor in Brooklyn for forty-four years, was retired on a pension by the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company. He is over seventy years of age.

Sir Tatton Sykes is an English gentleman who still finds the restoration of churches a most interesting pursuit, although he is in his eighty-fifth year. He has spent more than $7,000,000 building and restoring churches.

Henry Tomlinson of Holme Bank, Tarvin, near Chester, England, a few days ago celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of his birthday. Mr. Tomlinson has lived in six reigns and was an enthusiastic follower of the hounds up to his eightieth year.

The Writers.

James Barton Adams, the Colorado poet, served through the civil war with an Iowa regiment.

Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach has just celebrated her eightieth birthday, and the Goethe society bestowed its new medal on her as the leading German poetess of the day.

Miss Marie Corelli works very slowly, rarely writing more than 2,000 words a day. All her work is done in the morning and written by hand. The average length of her books is 200,000 words.

Acton Davies, the widely known dramatic critic, was born in St. John's, Canada, in 1870 and went to New York when he was seventeen. He has been a reporter and war correspondent as well as a prolific writer on topics of the theater.

English Etchings.

Great Britain loses more than $50,000,000 worth of property annually by fire.

There are 1,750,000 boys in England between fourteen and seventeen years of age who do not attend any day school.

The letters delivered in London on Mondays are 30 per cent more numerous than on any other day during the week. There is no Sunday delivery in London.

Fire fighters in the British metropolis are paid about $7.50 a week, and they have only one free day in fourteen. A petition for one day of rest each week is being considered by the London county council.

The Youthful Sarah.

Sarah Bernhardt loves her France, but, oh, you American dollar!—Chicago Journal.

Sarah Bernhardt has triumphantly shown that it is not a disgrace to be sixty-seven years old.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sarah Bernhardt, aged sixty-seven, is one reason why there is a beauty parlor in every city square.—Nashville Tennessean.

Sarah Bernhardt has wonderful histrionic talent, but she has never learned the role of elderly lady.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Tales of Cities.

Paris has 115 inhabitants to the acre, while London has only fifty-one.

The indebtedness of the Russian city of Moscow will soon exceed $90,000,000.

In Edinburgh waste paper to be placed upon the pavement for the street cleaners must be tied in bundles.

The public library of San Francisco is slowly regaining its former usefulness. It gained 22,852 volumes during the year ended June 30 and then had 98,493 volumes on its shelves.

Political Quips.

Chimmie Fadden goes to congress from New Jersey. Now, if Chicago would elect Mr. Dooley the Congressional Record would be worth reading.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

Republicans, as a rule, have nothing against the Democrats personally, but this year they can't help disapproving of the Democracy's almost inordinate greed for office.—Kansas City Star.

Automobiles.

It was not until 1903 that the motor industry of this country assumed any degree of promise.

It is said that the city of Houston, Tex., has more automobiles in proportion to its population than any other city in the United States.

What is said to be the largest automobile tire ever made was exhibited in Detroit as an advertising feature by a tire making concern. According to standard tire sizes, it would be a 96 by 12 inch tire.

State.

Governor—John K. Tener.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwensville.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—E. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. R. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—E. F. Starsky, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anderson, Clermont; A. B. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—M. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. E. Sliever, Secretary; J. W. Waite, H. W. Werkley, G. H. Imming, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.
Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I.O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 38, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH TURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGavern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:15 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Hagan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer
Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Fedders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

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TAMING A SHREW

It Was Tried at Sea and Was Not Successful

By EVAN D. BALDWIN

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How Jack Stoughton came to fall in love with Emily Gunter no one could ever find out. Jack was a fine, manly young sailor, and whenever he came home from a voyage all the girls made a dead set for him. Emily was the only girl in the village who paid no attention to him. Perhaps he was piqued on that account. Emily was fairly good looking, though she had a square jaw and the corners of her lips were drawn down, denoting a strong will.

On one of his homecomings Jack sidled up to Emily either from pique or curiosity or a little of both, and they were seen walking together on the beach or sitting on the dunes. Their friends observed that Emily usually had a scowl on her face and Jack seemed to be trying to get her into a good humor.

"What do you want with that girl, Jack?" one of his messmates who was ashore with him said to him one day. "She seems to be continually quarreling with you. You're the best natured man in our ship, so I know it's no fault of yours. If you marry her you'll get a wasp, take my word for that."

"I know you're right, Billy, but somehow there's a fascination in being treated as if she didn't care a rap for me and being hammered by her. The nearest I ever came before to an infatuation was by a little Mexican girl at Vera Cruz who tried to stab me. Singular, isn't it, how we men find a zest in that kind of women?"

"I can understand that so long as you're not married to one of 'em. But you just put your neck in a halter and give Emily Gunter the loose end and she'll make it hot for you all your married life."

"There was Petruchio, who tamed a shrew"—

"Petruchio be hanged! All imaginary! No man ever tamed a shrew. You can tame that kind of man, but not that kind of woman."

But Jack Stoughton was too intent upon tampering with gunpowder to heed his friend's advice. Shortly before they sailed he told Billy he had married Emily, that she seemed very amiable and that she was so averse to parting with him that she was bent on taking the voyage with him.

The Albatross, in which they were to go to Japan and return, was commanded by Captain Larkins. Billy Anderson was first mate, and Jack was second mate. Emily went to Captain Larkins and induced him to let her go on the voyage with them. He had never seen her before and thought a woman on board would have a refining influence on the crew. He had given his consent before Anderson told him what kind of woman Mrs. Stoughton was, but, having given it, he would not withdraw it.

The lady was very pleasant till the ship was well on her way—indeed, too far out to warrant a return—then she began to belabor her husband in no uncertain tones. What the trouble was no one knew, but Mrs. Stoughton's voice could be heard in her stateroom even in stormy weather above the whistling of the wind in the rigging.

It was not long before poor Jack was an object of pity on the part of the crew, and not a man but condemned his wife. The captain finally went to Mrs. Stoughton and besought her to let up on Jack, but got such a berating himself that he was glad to beat a retreat.

It is surprising that Captain Larkins, who had some twenty men under him, not one of whom dared to give him the least back talk, should have been driven from the after cabin and up on to the poop deck by a woman. The day this occurred and it had been discovered that Mrs. Stoughton was virtually in command of the ship each one of the crew went about his duties as if something momentous had happened. They had most of them been at sea for years, they had encountered hurricanes, some had lived for days on a raft without food or water, some had been cast upon desert lands; but none of them had ever passed through an experience like this. Their captain, whom they respected and feared, had been downed. They were as much taken aback as if their rudder had been put out of commission.

The captain had become a different man. He walked the deck with a hangdog look. He gave his orders in a humble tone, as if he would be much obliged if the men should obey them, and the men themselves did their duties languidly, as if some misfortune hung over the ship. Only one man, Jack Stoughton, seemed to have been improved by the incident. Before it occurred he had the demeanor of a whipped cur; now he went about as if he felt himself as good a man as any aboard.

The crew, sympathizing with their captain and one another in the presence of a strange misfortune, between watches consulted as to means of relief.

"What's the matter with ye, ye lubbers?" said Tom Billings, a married man. "There's 'usbands as lives their whole lives with squalls 'angin' over 'em all the time, and yet you duffers is knocked out by one 'ooman to a hull ship. Stoughton 'asn't got used to it yet, but he will. I got used to it long ago. My old 'ooman's a corker. When she's mad ye'd think the thunder was a-rollin'. When I see one o' them storms a-comin' I've l'arned to take in all sail, batten down the 'atches and let the storm blow itself out. Then there's a dead calm for a spell, and a fair breeze follers."

Billings, an experienced man, talked to those without any experience whatever. To be out on a trackless ocean dismasted was one thing—there was still discipline—but to be there with the captain and all hands subdued by one who had never studied navigation and couldn't make an observation was another. The first would be in the line of a sailor's life; the second there was no precedent for. Something must be done. One proposition after another was made, discussed and discarded. Finally Dick Smalls, one of the younger members of the crew, spoke up:

"It's plain that Mrs. Stoughton has mutinied and took the ship. I don't see that there is anything for us to do but mutiny agin the new master and take the ship ourselves."

"That's all werry well, mates," put in Tom Billings, "perwidin' you can get rid o' the 'ooman. But after ye got the ship what ye goin' to do with her? Hain't she still in command? That's my experience."

This was a poser, especially as the crew, nearly all of whom were single men, had great respect for Tom Billings' opinion on anything concerning the opposite sex.

"It seems to me, mates," continued Billings, "that ye're up agin a want o' knowledge o' navigatin' the female craft. All ye got to do is to put 'em afore the wind and let 'em scud. Ye can't steer 'em, and if ye try ye'll sure come to grief. But I knows there hain't no use o' talkin' to you. You're bound to run this here business yer own way, so ye can count me out."

With that he went on deck.

The next day the mutiny plan was carried out. The men, except Stoughton, who was not consulted, marched aft in a body and demanded the person of the "'ooman as has took this ship." The captain made a pretense of resistance, confining himself to words instead of acts; then told them that, being powerless in face of a united crew, they could do what they liked with the woman.

A round robin of four men was appointed to take Mrs. Stoughton down into the hold and turn her adrift, where she would have plenty of room to walk back and forth like a caged lioness. They put bedding down with her, and it was understood that her meals should be let down to her regularly.

"Did ye observe the look on her face, mates?" remarked Billings after the woman had been safely put away. "When they looks that way it means the weather glass is a-goin' down like lead."

Three days passed without any trouble, so far as the prisoner was concerned. From the moment she was put below the accustomed cheerfulness came back to the crew, enhanced by contrast with their late condition. But on the fourth day when the captain was standing on the poop deck and a large sea rolled under the vessel he noticed that she didn't rise with her accustomed buoyancy. Billings was standing by at the time.

"What's the matter with her?" growled the captain to himself.

"It's my opinion, sir," said Billings, putting his knuckles to his cap, "that there's somethin in the cargo as don't belong there."

"What do you mean?" asked the captain anxiously.

"The 'ooman."

"Well?"

"When she was put in the hold I was wonderin' what she'd do, so I've kept my blinkers open. The ship's drawin' more water, sir, than she did three days ago."

"You mean"—

"She scuttled."

The captain made a dive for the companionway, calling on Billings to follow. Entering the hold, they found four feet of water. The point of leakage was covered so that they could not see it, but they found some of the carpenter's tools, of which Mrs. Stoughton had possessed herself. All hands were called to man the pumps, and when the water had been removed a large auger hole was discovered a few feet above the keel.

The hole having been plugged, the captain ordered Mrs. Stoughton locked in her own cabin, then called the crew aft and asked for suggestions as to what to do with her. Every man jack of them looked at Billings, so the captain asked for his advice.

"There's just two ways o' managin' 'oomen, sir," said the old salt. "The first is to git away from 'em, the second to let 'em have their own way. I can only judge by my own experience. After I was married I observed that to keep the family peace I'd got to knuckle under. There is 'usbands as is 'ead o' the 'ouse, but this is where the 'ooman 'asn't the usual female grit. Them as lets their wives command the family ship gits on just as well as any of 'em. Some un's got to be boss, and if the 'ooman has the dominatin' faculty in her why not?"

The captain decided that Mrs. Stoughton should have the free run of the ship for that voyage, after which no woman was to be permitted aboard. So he issued orders to that effect, and Mrs. Stoughton was not again interfered with from that moment until the vessel reached port.

Strange to say, having conquered, the lady made herself quite agreeable, and when she left the ship half the crew felt a heartsickness they had never felt before.

The Halliday Emeralds

A Story of Their Quick Recovery

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Elsie Halliday stood before her dressing table looking down at her jewel case with frightened eyes and a wildly beating heart. Costly gems sparkled from every velvet lined compartment but one. The white nest that had contained the famous emerald necklace, the Halliday heirloom, was empty.

She rang the bell, and after awhile a strange maid appeared.

"Will you send Louise, my maid?" asked Elsie.

"I do not think she is here, miss," returned the girl bluntly. "I saw her running across the lawn shortly after your arrival. She went toward the river."

Elsie's eyes sparkled dangerously at this evidence of the perfidy of the trusted Louise. She turned to the staring servant with a gesture of dismissal and when she was alone proceeded to dress for the approaching meal.

When her golden hair was gathered into its customary soft knot and she had slipped into the white chiffon dress Elsie drew forth the string of pearls and clasped it about her slender throat. Without pausing to admire the charming effect she made a careful search of the room. The chair near the open window must furnish the first clew, and Elsie was not disappointed.

There was a tattered bit of lace evidently torn from a cheap handkerchief—a fragment from which dangled a bit of gold set with a drop of emerald green—and the lace smelled of that dreadful French scent which Louise persisted in using.

On the floor near the chair was a white silk handkerchief twisted into a loose knot. Elsie lifted it gingerly and inspected a few Japanese characters in dead black across one corner. The characters were too large for a laundry mark and must represent the owner's name, and that owner was probably a Japanese. Elsie recollected that the Ormonds had a butler of that nationality.

Last of all, on the seat of the chair was a man's pearl cuff link, on the flat surface of which a golden initial was finely inlaid. Elsie studied the twisted "V" with a little puzzled frown knitting her brows. Why had Harvey Ventnor's name sprung so quickly to her mind in such an unpleasant connection? Perhaps it was because he was never far from her thoughts or for the reason that there are few names that begin with the letter V, not that for one instant he might be associated with anything that was dishonorable.

The dinner bell rang then, and Elsie obeyed its summons, first taking pains to hide her jewel case in the remotest corner of her wardrobe. She went reluctantly down the broad stairs conscious that this visit she had anticipated must be inaugurated by the unpleasant features surrounding a jewel robbery. While she realized that the thief must be making a successful escape and that every moment lost strengthened the difficulty of capture, Elsie hesitated to disturb the equanimity of her genial host, now in one of the happiest moods. Near the drawing room door two men were talking in low tones, and as Elsie passed one of them was saying: "I heard Ventnor was hard hit today. That drop in X. and Z. must have crippled him."

Elsie bit her trembling lips in an angry effort to gain composure. She hated herself for the lightning thought that had connected Ventnor's pecuniary difficulties with the pearl cuff link and the missing emeralds. In that instant she vowed to seek no further for the thief. The Halliday emeralds must go.

"You look troubled, dear," whispered Mabel Ormond in her ear. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"Everything is lovely," smiled Elsie brightly. "How dear of you to give me the rose room!"

"I knew you were charmed with it last year. Ah, Katura is a little late tonight. Rather unusual in our impeccable Japanese."

It was not Harvey Ventnor who took Elsie in to dinner; she heard his voice at the end of the procession as she walked in beside young Fred Ormond, Dick's brother. When she sat down Ventnor was opposite, listening attentively to the chatter of some strange girl. Elsie's swift glance noted his slightly disheveled appearance, and then she saw with a sinking of the heart that the sleeve link was gone from one of his cuffs—the left one. The other, plainly visible, was of pearl inlaid with gold.

Ventnor, watching her now and then, seemed to be aware of her sudden coldness toward him. A hard look settled around his pleasant lips and his sunny eyes clouded.

To Elsie it was a miserable dinner, and it dragged to a tedious close while her overstrained nerves seemed on the point of giving way altogether. She resolved to plead illness and return to New York the next morning. Ventnor's presence made it impossible for her to remain.

After dinner she had fled to the conservatory for seclusion, and it was there that Ventnor found her seated in a dusky corner under arching palms. When she saw him she arose with a little frightened sob.

"Why—why are you here?" she demanded brokenly.

"Am I so distasteful to you?" he asked, stopping short. "You have not led me to believe so."

"I did—you do not understand—what has happened today—must always stand between us."

He stared incredulously, boldly, at her. "You cannot possibly mean that my rumored failure on the street has affected your feeling toward me?" he asked scornfully.

"No, oh, no! How could you believe a little thing like that would make any difference to me? I mean this!" Elsie brought forth the pearl sleeve link and held it toward him in her rosy palm.

"You found this? It is mine. I thank you," he said gravely, slipping the link into his cuff and still holding her with his questioning gaze.

"It was in my room—on the chair where my dressing bag had been. You see"—she turned away her head so that she might not see his face—"you see, my emeralds were stolen tonight from that very bag!"

"Ah!" There were anger and condemnation in his rapid glance before it turned to tender amusement. "And you have spoken to no one regarding the matter?"

She turned eagerly. "Not a soul. I shall never breathe a word. Only I hope I shall never see you again! How could you?"

"You mean, how could I rob the girl I loved best in the world?" he asked gently.

Ventnor took her hands in his and compelled her to return his straight look. "Do you love me, Elsie?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

He released her hands and offered his arm.

"My poor little detective, come with me to Ormond. He has something to show you."

In the housekeeper's room a little group of people were centered about the table. There were Dick Ormond and his wife, Louise; Katura, the butler, and a strange, heavy set man with keen eyes. They turned with one accord as Elsie entered with Ventnor.

"Miss Halliday," began Dick Ormond soberly, "this has been rather an exciting evening for some of us—would have been for you only Mabel insisted you should be kept in ignorance until after dinner. Your emeralds have been stolen—and recovered!"

White and shaking, Elsie stretched forth her hand and received the green ripple of flame from Ormond. From one end of the chain a stone was missing.

"I knew it," she said in a low tone. "I discovered their loss before dinner. I was going to tell you about it, only I"— She hesitated.

"She discovered a clew," added Ventnor calmly—"this." He laid the sleeve link on the table.

"And other clews," said Elsie hurriedly, telling her story now without reservation.

Then the short man spoke with authority. "Very easily explained, Miss Halliday. Your maid had unpacked your trunk, and the butler, here, in the absence of another servant was removing the trunk to the storeroom. A man stepped through the open window, slit open your dressing bag, extracted the jewel case, from which he took the emeralds, replaced the case in the bag and was escaping through the window when your maid, returning, discovered him, alarmed the butler and Mr. Ventnor, who was passing through the hall, and the three of them struggled to hold him. He was a husky chap and desperate, and they had a fight for it, each one leaving some evidence of the contest. Now, Mr. Ormond, with your permission I'll take my fine gentleman along!"

He strode to a door and threw it open, revealing in a shallow closet the sullen, downcast face of the Halliday chauffeur.

"Henry!" Miss Halliday's lovely face was a reflection of passing emotions as she realized that the chauffeur had followed in the wake of her journey to rob her; that the valiant little Louise, who was Henry's sweetheart, had captured him for the sake of loyalty to her mistress and was even now crying her pretty eyes out over his degradation. Elsie swept all barriers aside and knelt down beside her weeping maid.

"Poor little Louise!" she whispered softly. "You are far braver than I. I could never have done what you have today. Your reward will be . . . My father will investigate, and if it is Henry's first offense it may be possible for you to marry and start afresh somewhere with the aid I shall provide."

Thus comforted, Louise dried her tears and was taken to dinner by Katura, while the police agent Ormond had summoned took his prisoner away. The Ormonds went back to their guests, and Elsie slipped away in their train.

At the drawing room door Ventnor placed his hand in hers and drew her unresisting into the conservatory.

"You said you loved me," he said firmly.

"I do," said Elsie humbly, "but I cannot expect you to value such an affection as I have displayed tonight."

"The reason you fastened suspicion so strongly upon me was a simple one, dearest. It was really because your heart was so filled with thoughts of me that there was no room to suspect anybody else. I am flattered—indeed!"

"Oh, you are generous, Harvey. Would you want to marry me now?"

"If you will have me," said Ventnor softly.

A ROMAN COMEDY

An American Girl Is the Heroine, but There Is No Hero

By F. A. MITCHEL

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Two Italian noblemen were sitting on a sidewalk in the Piazza Colonna in Rome, smoking cigarettes and drinking the wine of the country. They were both descended from families that had been prominent several centuries ago, the one from Barbarini, the other from the Sforza. Count Leo Barbarini was speaking to Prince Brunelli Sforza.

"So the fair American has refused you too!"

"She has," snapped the prince.

"You do not seem well pleased with your failure."

"Were you pleased with yours?"

"Oh, there are more of these American fish as good as any that were ever caught in the sea. I shall try again elsewhere."

"I would like," replied Prince Sforza, "to palm off upon her some low-born man as a prince with a fortune."

"It would require at least a thousand lira even to dress him."

"I can borrow that much."

"And I can raise a thousand more. We can place his estates in some inaccessible country."

"Good!" laughed the prince. "Your suggestions are admirable. Shall we really try it?"

"By all means."

Soon after this interview it was intimated to Miss Evaline Henderson of Idaho, U. S. A., that Prince Gregorio Colonna desired to be presented to her. The Colonna family was already known to Miss Henderson as one of the two great factions—the Colonna and the Orsini—that dominated Rome during the middle ages. She had not come to the Eternal City without preparing herself by historical reading to enjoy its antiquities and was curious to see a lineal descendant of a family that had taken so great a part in past struggles between the holy Roman empire and the papacy. She therefore received Prince Colonna graciously.

Prince Gregorio had been selected to play his part more from his personal appearance than his intellect or education, though he was really above his business, which was that of waiter at a hotel at Frascati. He was tall, massive and solemn as the column standing in the piazza named for his (supposed) ancestors beside the Corso in Rome. His hair was combed straight up from his forehead, and his mustache was elevated from the line of his lips at an angle of forty-five degrees. His estates had been near Perugia; but, they having passed away, he had invested money in Siberian mines that had made him rich. The only means he had of palming himself off as a real Colonna was the 2,000 lira furnished by Count Barbarini and Prince Sforza, the reading of a brief history of his ancestors and these Siberian mines, which were not likely to be hunted up by Miss Henderson. But his chief attraction was his personnel. No American can visit Italy without being impressed with the solemn grandeur of some of their knights of the napkin whose battle ground is the restaurant and whose fortunes consist of American tips. Prince Colonna was one of the most magnificent of these.

Now, the American girl is regarded all over Europe as a wonder. Europeans are used to their own girls, who are guarded till after their marriage and must then endeavor to throw off that want of familiarity with the world to which they had been theretofore doomed. The American girl begins to use her wings almost from the crib. Miss Henderson was as well able to take care of herself as a corps of guardians and duennas could have taken care of her.

The day after the presentation Henry Blackwelder, a young man from South Dakota, who raised wheat enough in one season to fill half a dozen elevators, came to Rome for the purpose of getting from Miss Henderson a reply to a suit of several years' standing. He came at a very inopportune time. Prince Colonna had just appeared on the scene and had evidently been very much struck with Miss Henderson. Mr. Blackwelder could not make out whether Miss Henderson was bent upon assuming Prince Gregorio's historical name or whether she was laughing at him. The prince had the good taste never to mention his family glory unless compelled to do so. When Blackwelder and Colonna and Miss Henderson were together the latter expatiated to the American on the marvelous deeds of the Colonnas of old, showing a remarkable familiarity with them—indeed, a familiarity which at times would startle the prince himself, especially when she gave the names of five Colonnas he had not met with in his historical studies, who had been hanged before the castle of St. Angelo.

Nothing will so fret a man, especially a man in love, as uncertainty. If Miss Henderson had announced her intention to buy her way in among the Colonnas or if she had openly made fun of the prince Blackwelder would have settled down to his fate, whatever it was. Unfortunately she seemed to be wavering between the two. The only persons who seemed to have been made happy by the introduction of the prince were the conspirators, Barbarini and Sforza. One day Miss Henderson, driving along the Corso in an open carriage with Blackwelder and the spurious prince, saw them sitting together in the Piazza Colonna drinking and smoking. They both rose and took off their hats to her, while she seemed to be very proud of the Italian portion of her company. After this she seemed bent on driving by the Piazza Colonna frequently at an hour when she knew her two discarded suitors would be there. If Prince Colonna on these occasions felt embarrassed he concealed his embarrassment under that stolid grandeur of mien which was born in him.

"Upon my word," remarked Count Leo Barbarini to Prince Sforza, "I believe our scheme will be a success. Our waiter will marry the American."

"You see, it required those Siberian mines to make it so. Though Americans spend money like water, they value it all the same."

"Who is the other fellow in the carriage, I wonder?"

"An American. But whether he is a suitor, too, cannot matter much to us—that is, provided we can keep up the sham. It is the Colonna name and the right to write princess after it that will win."

"In any event we have had the satisfaction of passing a waiter off upon her as a prince. Did you notice how proud she seemed to be of him as she passed?"

"And the smile she gave us."

And so the comedy went on, much to the satisfaction of the conspirators. Prince Colonna's capital was nearing an end, and one day he mentioned before Miss Henderson that a dividend from his mines had been delayed. She promptly asked him how much he required for his present expenses, and while he was refusing to be supplied by a lady she sat down at a desk and, writing a check for 3,000 lira, handed it to him.

"But my remittance will soon be here," he protested.

"Take it and pay when your remittance comes," she replied.

The same afternoon Miss Henderson telephoned to her bankers to know if Prince Colonna had drawn the check and learned that he had done so. Then she telephoned to the prince asking him to call during the evening. When he did so, magnificent in a fresh accession of jewelry, she asked him to be seated and said:

"Giovanni"—

The prince started.

—"you are not Gregorio Colonna. You are Giovanni Something-or-other, and you have this afternoon committed a fraud. Some one has been putting you up to this playing prince, and I wish to know all about the scheme. You are welcome to the 3,000 lira, but hereafter I own you, for the moment you refuse to obey my orders or try to deceive me you go to jail. Do as I direct and you are safe from the results of your crime."

Giovanni confessed that he had been a waiter at a hotel at Frascati and that Barbarini and Sforza had hired him to play the part of Prince Colonna and marry Miss Henderson if possible. He further stated that he had agreed to pay each of them an annuity after his marriage.

"Indeed!" she said, with much surprise. "I did not suppose that Barbarini and Sforza had sunk to that. However, since it was murder in the middle ages, I suppose it must be swindling in the twentieth century. Go and steal the paper you signed agreeing to pay this annuity."

"It is not necessary, senorina. There were duplicates made. I have one in my pocket, but I do not like to part with it."

"Either give it to me or"— She went to a telephone and took down the receiver. The waiter knew the meaning of this, and Miss Henderson knew that, with the transmitter near her lips she had little to fear. Giovanni opened a pocketbook, drew out a paper and handed it to her. She took it, read it and said:

"Now go to Frascati and tell the keeper of the hotel at which you were employed that I desire dinner for four persons to be ready at 7 o'clock this evening. Any failure to do as I direct will result in your arrest at once."

With 3,000 lira in his pocket and a jail as an alternative there was not much expectation that he would disobey.

The next morning Count Barbarini and Prince Sforza received an invitation to drive with Miss Henderson to the hills near Rome for dinner. She said she had an important announcement to make to them. They accepted, feeling assured that they would learn of her engagement to Prince Colonna. They called at her hotel and were introduced to Mr. Blackwelder. Seeing that they were surprised at not meeting Prince Colonna, she told them that he would be of the party at dinner, but would go in his own conveyance.

The four entered a carriage waiting at the door and, driving across the Campagna, ascended the hill to Frascati and stopped before the —— hotel. Dinner was served, but the prince did not appear.

"He will be late," Miss Henderson explained.

It was not till the coffee was brought on that he appeared, and then it was in the dress of a waiter, with a napkin on his arm. The guests stared at him astonished, but he avoided the gaze of all, serving the coffee with lowered eyes. The two conspirators paled.

"Gentlemen," said Miss Henderson, "I told you I would make an announcement. It is this—I am betrothed to Mr. Blackwelder."

Then the party broke up, the two noblemen retiring in confusion.

DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

(Continued from Page 4.)

to be "pioneers of the literary art and profession, with habits English-bred but working in the home field."

Of anything rightly to be called folk-songs, or ballads of the people, nothing is to be found. The general diffusion of education, even then, make such productions unlikely. There are a few old sea-songs, sung by the sailors at their work; and every ship-master understood the value of a good baritone singer to lead in the choruses, and thus to secure harder lifting, stronger pulling, and more united work. But most of these songs give no evidence of being of American birth. There is, however, an occasional genuine whaler's song; for instance one printed in a little pamphlet, and entitled, "A Brand Fire New Whaling Song Right from the Pacific Ocean. By a Foremast-Hand."

This period of dependence on European literature was short; and the spirit of America began to show itself in a few men who might be called literary creators, and who were the first really good writers of the New World,—Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper,and William Cullen Bryant. Irving and Cooper each created at least one character with a background or environment entirely new to literature. Bryant brought back to America the conception of the nobler uses of poetry, when he used its grander lines in writing of the nature that he actually saw about him.

But these men did not have the field to themselves. The Puritanism of New England, combined with the culture of Harvard College, reached its climax in an outburst of literature of which any country might be proud. Hawthorne is its shining example in prose; and the poets are those well-loved house-hold names, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier and Emerson. Strong, sane, sensible men, they make the years of the nineteenth century preceding the Civil War fragrant with their memory.

Meantime, the south was almost without literary expression or a reading public. Edgar Allen Poe is, for this period, almost the one expression in literature of the southern temperament. His manners, habits of thought and moods of feeling, after morbid and melancholy, his response to color and music, his conception of womanhood, his ideas of manhood, all declare him the Southerner that he really was.

Before the days of the Civil War, there had not been time for one born in the West to grow up to manhood, and give expression to the marvelous life about him. Nevertheless, the new West found its voice in Bret Harte, of whom one critic says: "This humorous romancer, gentle, tender, hospitable, and just, so finely sensitive to the unspoken pathos of the hard, starved, brutal lot of the miner's life, was, in spirit as well as in literal facts, as exponent of the new world's story,—an American in every fibre."

And then came the Civil War, wracking the country, and filling men's minds with more other ideas than the making of polite literature. A few songs, some verses, and always the one book, Uncle Tom's Cabin, survive from this period.

But during the war, popular ballads resumed something of their old-time value as the expression of popular feeling. There is an immense amount of this uncollected verse which illustrates the sentiments and conditions of the people, and tells better than anything else how they were affected by the struggle. This ballad literature takes account of one thing entirely ignored in the polite literature of the time,—the patriotism and the sufferings of the poor women in the tenements of New York, whose husbands and sons had, at their bidding, gone to the front. They show us that the man who puts down the dinner pail to enlist, sacrificed as much as he who laid down the axe or the hoe.

Within twenty-five years after the close of the war, nearly all the men whose writings had glorified the middle of the century finished their work. Literature slowly began a new existence, and now names came into notice. Richard Henry Stoddard and Clarence Edmund Stedman represent the old-time culture and dignity, Henry James and W. D. Howells began for us the school of realism in fiction; and readers became familiar with the delicate touch and graceful expression of such women writers as Helent Hunt Jackson, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and Sarah Orne Jewett. But for all that, the period, as we look back at it over an interval of another twenty-five years, does not seem to be overcrowded with memorable names. It would never do, however, for us, as loyal daughters of Pennsylvania to omit to mention Bayard Taylor, whose writings, both in prose and poetry, deserve a much higher place in the temple of fame than that they are now occupying.

And now we come to the most difficult part of our task,—that of trying to put before us in any sort of orderly array the work of the last twenty-five years. What have been the developments? Is our literature any more truly national than that of one hundred years ago?

And first we shall be obliged to say that fiction so overtops every other kind of literary production that at first glance, we see nothing else. Next the most striking peculiarity is perhaps the rapid development of the South. After a century of general literary inaction, that great section of our country is coming to its own. Its children are beginning to recognize that around them lies literary material of unusual richness. It is to be found in the wonderful scenery, in the Negro, the ante-bellum gentleman, with his old-fashioned conceptions of things in general, in the sudden industrial changes, the strange mingling of the new and the old, and the pathetic history of the section. It has found voice in such writers as Ellen Glasgow, Grace King, Mary Johnston, Charles Egbert Craddock, Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, James Lane Allen, George W. Cable, and F. Hopkinson Smith. And yet perhaps its deepest heart story remains to be told.

But this development of the South may be taken as a part of the general tendency of the present,—a tendency which may, in future, be taken as the distinct mark of the first decade of the twentieth century. It is that of localization. This means more than the finding of a local habitation for one's character, and then fitting the finding of a local habitation for one's character; and then fitting the characters to that environment. It means that each writer shall have his own bit of country which he knows by heart; that he shall be familiar with the inward experience of the people to be found there; that he shall know their hopes and fears, their aspirations and despairs, not as a spectator, but from within; and that he shall sympathetically tell us what he knows. A few of the authors who have specialized, as it were, on one phase of humanity are Mary E. Wilkins with the pictures of narrow cramped New England lives; John Fox, Jr., with his poor mountain whites; Hamlin Garland and Booth Tarkington with the middle west; Owen Wister with the cattle ranches of the west; Stuart Edward White with the great forests and frozen plains of the north, and Jack London with Alaska and the north-west.

Much of this fiction is of a high order; and so far as it is a careful study of life in any section of our great country, it is as nearly a national literature as we are likely to get. At the same time, one feels that some of it lacks that literary finish which is the highest grace of literature; and that many of these stories are told with the keen zest of the newspapers reporter rather than with the studied skill of an author. The instinct for news is strong in our country, and we like it in our novels as well as elsewhere. Prof. Woodbury says of New York that its true literature, "is, and has long been, the great daily papers; they are for the later time what the sermons of the old clergy were in New England—the mental sphere of the community; and in them are to be found all the elements of literature except the qualities that secure permanence."

But better to have material and insight without polish than mere polish, veneering a lack of ideas; and the painstaking work of some of the younger writers leads us to hope that the future may bring us better and greater things.

We all read fiction; however, we still acknowledge that poetry is the highest form of literature; and we all sadly admit that America has as yet produced no poets to take the place of Longfellow and his friends. But that there is no dearth of poetry at the present time is proved by the fact that Steadman's American Anthology gives selections from five hundred poets, the greater part of whom are living. And though they are not great, they are good. Many are still young and full of promise. The most common characteristics possessed by them is the love of nature; and they have long ago given up the habit of singing of Italian skies and the nightingale, but follow the example set by Bryant and Lowell, who wrote of the yellow violet and the dandelion.

At the same time, it has been justly said by one critic that, "Poetry grows more and more an intellectual pleasure for the cultured classes, less and less a possession of the people. Elizabethan song was upon the lips of the milk-maids and the market woman; the common ear was trained to graces and melody; but how many of the country folk of to-day know the involved numbers of our poets? Who is writing the lays of the people? One can only answer that few are writing them, because the spirit of poetic art has suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange; and the poet of to-day would be fearful of his laurels if he should write so artless a song as "Gather ye rose-buds while ye may."

It is not strange that in our more complex civilization we fail to reproduce the simplicity of Elizabethan poetry. We must be thankful for what we have, and hope that by the faithful wooing of the muse a great poet may at last arise. Two of the best nature poets to-day are Madison Cawein of Kentucky and Bliss Carmen of Canada. A hand book of the flora of Kentucky could be compiled from the poems of Cawein. In it would be recorded the habits of the bluet, the jewel-week, the black cohosh, the lobelia, the oxalis, the Indian pipe, and many another, unused to hear its name in song.

For a specimen of Bliss Carmen, let us take the following:

"There is something in the autumn
that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme
With the yellow and the purple keeping time.

"The scarlet of the maples can shake
me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke
upon the hills.

"There is something in October sets
the gypsy blood aster:
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by
name."

For serious, thoughtful poetry, no one far excels Frederick Laurence Knowles; but Alfred Noyes is regarded by many as ranking highest among poets at the present time. And many women are sang, true and beautiful heart-songs, among them Edith M. Thomas, Alice Brown, Gertrude Hall, and Josephine Preston Peabody. Of Miss Peabody we may well be proud, since her play The Piper was chosen for presentation this year in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford.

We have much in the growth of our literature of which to be proud, and nothing of which to be ashamed. If it seems as yet to glide too lightly over the surface of things, and to fail to reach the great depths, it is because we as a people are still in our childhood. In the words of a thoughtful critic:

"No nation has so pure, few so painstaking a literature; it fails of the highest rank only because it lacks inspiration, passion, that deep stirring of the spirit of man which with all its cost, is the cause of his highest reach in imagination, intellect, and desire."

Or as Frederick Laurence Knowles writes:

"It is passion and power that we need
to-day.
We have grace and taste full store;
We need a man who will say his say
With a strength unguessed before.

"And the Hand that wrought the Vision
With prairie and peak and stream
Shall guide the hand of the workman
And help him to trace his dream.

"Till the rugged lines grow perfect,
And round to a faultless whole:
For the West will have found her singer
And her Singer has found his soul."

Luella A. Haris.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Albert A. S. Tice was elected president of the National Daughters of the Grand Army of the Republic at the convention in Chicago.

Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, the wife of the novelist, has seriously taken up aviation. Mrs. Hewlett, together with a French partner, M. Blondeau, is at the head of a flourishing aviation school in England.

Miss Gwenllian Philip-Morgan, the newly elected mayor of Brecon, Wales, went to church in state the Sunday after her election, accompanied by the corporation, as is customary. Though the rain fell in torrents, the procession is said to have been the largest of its kind ever seen in the town.

Miss Annabel Sharp, society reporter on the Cleveland Leader, recently walked the fifty miles required of army and navy officers in two days instead of the three days given the officers of the two services, and she did it in only a few minutes more time than did the two officers attached to the naval recruiting station in Cleveland.

Mrs. Madeline Yale Wynne, daughter of Linus Yale, inventor of the Yale lock, studied art and became a writer of magazine articles and stories, but found a greater attraction in the specialty of hand wrought metals and has practically devoted her life to this work. Mrs. Wynne lives in Chicago and is president of an arts and crafts society.

The Writers.

Theophile Gautier prided himself upon his gorgeousness of attire, his favorite dress being a creation of crimson and gold.

Miss Johanna Redmond, daughter of John Redmond, the leader of the Irish Nationalists in the British house of commons, is a rising author who, though only twenty-two years old, is now preparing her second play for production in London.

Among the enthusiastic Welsh writers on national topics there are few who have become so widely known as the Hon. John Gwenogvryn Evans of Tremvan, north Wales. He was educated at Oxford and has been writing since 1882. Some twenty books have come from his pen, nearly all intimately connected with Welsh records.

SIRES AND SONS.

Dr. A. K. Fisher of Washington is the government expert on rapacious birds.

Friedrich Luethy, a Swiss federal official, has been appointed secretary of the Swiss legation at Washington. This post has been held by Henri Martin.

Chief Justice White's main diversion is the piano. It is a source of self entertainment, through which he gets relief from the cares of ponderous judicial thought and research.

Dr. Edward Robinson, the new director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, is fifty-two years of age, tall and straight, with a kindly face and hair and mustache turning white.

Secretary of State Knox, who impresses on all the diplomats under him that silence is golden and garrulity the source of many international troubles, is the patron of a school for deaf mutes in Pennsylvania.

Frederick W. Lehmann of St. Louis, who has been appointed to succeed the late Lloyd W. Bowers as solicitor general of the United States, is president of the American Bar association. Mr. Lehmann was born in Prussia in 1853.

Charles Hitchcock Sherrill, United States minister to Argentina, is one of the record men in college athletics who have made a high mark in professional life. He has written two books on travel in Europe and was active in politics among business men in New York.

Aviation.

It is estimated that there are more than 1,000 students in the world who are making a serious study of aeronautics.

The patent office has felt the boom in aeronautics. The applications covering various machines and methods of control come in at the rate of twenty a month, or about three a day.

Something new in aeroplanes has been invented by a Japanese nobleman named Baron Iea. The inventor has taken the dragonfly as his model and has constructed two sets of wings, which can be made to flap at the will of the operator. It is claimed that this arrangement will enable the aeroplane to maintain its position in the air without moving.

State Lines.

South Carolina is putting on full steam toward the corn dodger championship of the sunny south.—Baltimore Sun.

Rhode Island has 508 population to the square mile. Texas will be populated that densely some of these days, and then the population will be 134,020,000. Grand old Texas!—Houston Post.

Effete east, or, one might say, the "eight feet" east, follows the western procession. Ohio now clamors for the nine foot bed sheet law that Oklahoma, Texas and Missouri already have.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Town Topics.

There were 185 murders in New York city last year. In London during the last year there were only nineteen murders. This contrast affords room for cogitation.—Nashville Banner.

The American Bar association will hold its 1911 convention in Boston. No doubt the old town will gladly furnish any assistance needed in the vocabulary line.—Omaha World-Herald.

Indianapolis mourns for a slogan and will not be comforted. Imagine a city in the state that grows all the authors not being able to dig up one teeny, weeny slogan!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Facts From France.

A restaurant to which only women will be admitted has been opened in the Rue St. Jacques, Paris.

The French budget commission is considering a project for coining half pennies with holes in them like the Belgian money.

In the village of Bonneville, near St. Etienne, the local postman, who goes his rounds in a blouse and carries an umbrella, was caught by a gale a few days ago and blown nearly half a mile. He came safely to earth again, but he lost his letters.

Science Siftings.

The mean annual temperature of the globe is 50 degrees F.

The seventy-inch lens of the great telescope of the Treptow observatory, near Berlin, the largest in the world, brings the moon to an apparent distance of fifty miles from the earth.

Because there is more light in the sky on a clear, moonless night than can be attributed to the stars a German scientist has evolved a theory that the earth is surrounded by a luminous coma resembling that of comets.

Sayings of Abe Martin.

Opportunity only knocks once—generally before you're married.

A feller allus looks simple when he meets somebody that used t' know his wife.

Children soon git onto th' grocer that breaks a cracker in two t' make the scales balance.

After a feller gits married he goes home at noon for a couple o' weeks t' kiss his wife, and then he begins t' eat downtown.—Abe Martin in American Magazine.

Last of the Barons.

The battle of Barnet was one of the most decisive ever fought. It was in 1471 and closed the age of baron rule in England.

Foxglove.

The foxglove is a hardy perennial that has a medicinal reputation. Digitalis is one of the most valued remedies in heart troubles and is obtained from the plant to which the common name, foxglove, is given. In olden time it was esteemed as an application to ulcers, etc., and Italian peasants have a proverb, "Foxglove heals all sores." Flowers of the foxglove were reputed to be favorites with elves and fairies.

South Africa.

South Africa is of volcanic origin, and the land in the vicinity of Kimberley is so sulphurous that ants cannot exist upon it.

Battle of the Emperors.

The battle of the emperors was fought at Austerlitz, 1805. The emperors present were Napoleon, Francis of Austria and Alexander of Russia. Over 170,000 men were actually engaged in the battle, and of this number 23,000 were killed or wounded, or 13 per cent of the whole.

Suspension Bridges.

It took sixteen years to build the first Brooklyn bridge, but immensely larger suspension bridges can now be constructed in from four to five years.

Girls In Vienna.

The girls of Vienna are kept at their studies until they are fifteen years of age. Then for two years they are taught housekeeping and the intricacies of the kitchen under an experienced housekeeper.

The Largest Tenement.

The largest tenement house in the world is the Freihaus, in a suburb of Vienna, containing 1,500 rooms, divided into upward of 400 separate sets of apartments.

The Ring In Denmark.

The maidens of Denmark never receive a diamond engagement ring. They are always presented with a plain gold band which is worn on the third finger of the left hand. On the wedding day the bridegroom changes the ring to the right third finger, which is the marriage finger in that country.

Mourning Veils.

The custom of veiling the face when in deep sorrow is worldwide.

Bridal Favors.

Bridal favors are of Danish origin. For instance, the true lover's knot was a Danish fancy and took its name from the expression "Truelofa"—"I plight my troth."

Curious Fact About Brass.

It is a curious fact that common brass which is subjected for some time to constant tension occasionally undergoes a remarkable change. It loses its tenacity and in a short time becomes almost as brittle as glass.

Illustrated Novels.

"Robinson Crusoe" was the first novel with illustrations ever published in England. This was in August, 1719. The illustration was a map of the world.

The Silver Bridge.

One of the customs observed at a Bohemian marriage feast is that of making the bride cross a silver bridge. The bride's father-in-law lifts her on to the table, where she walks on two rows of silver coins, at the end of which her husband stands and receives her into his arms. The silver bridge typifies the wealth with which her bridegroom hopes to smooth her path in life.

Otters.

The scent of an otter is conveyed to the pursuing hound while under water by the "chain" of bubbles which mark its devious course.

Epigrams of Cities.

A Naples by any other name would smell as sweet.

Every Pittsburg has a silver lining.

Chicago is paved with good intentions.

It's a poor Paris that does not work both ways.

A Philadelphia in time would save nine.

Boston to him who Boston thinks.

Leadville is only skin deep.

It's a long Reno that has no turning.

London is no respecter of persons.

New York city is covered by a multitude of skins.—Life.

The Swear Off Family.

Father's going to swear off smoking,
Mother's going to swear off cards.
Sis is going to swear off chewing
Gum and stretching it for yards.
Brother Bill will swear off spending
Every cent he makes for clothes.
I will have to swear off eating
Pie and cookies, I suppose.

Everybody's resoluting
Something good to do next year.
Home is going to be so lovely
I won't get much fun, I fear.
Things they like the best they're swearing
Off, and goodness only knows
What bad habit I must break off,
But it's cookies, I suppose.
—Detroit Free Press.

Why He Didn't Shoot.

Bacon—That young clerk of mine has taken up violin-playing.

Egbert—Indeed!

"You know which one I mean, don't you?"

"Oh, yes; he lives within gunshot of me."

"Then I take it that you haven't got a gun?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Industrial Revolution.

The law of the land is thumbed over and
greasy,
The law of the Lord gathers dust on the
shelves.
The law of the land makes the landlord's
lot easy,
But the Lord help the lord when the
poor help themselves!
Cleveland Leader.

Method In It.

"My dear," says the husband, "why did you write such an enthusiastic recommendation of that cook you discharged? She is utterly worthless."

"I know," explains the wife. "But she told me Mrs. Jiggins had offered her a place, and I despise that Mrs. Jiggins!"—Chicago Post.

Nemesis.

When Gabriel blows his trumpet
On that last of human days
The cannibal will wish he
Had amended of his ways.
What trouble in his stomach
When that trumpet 'gins to toot—
He will wish for missionaries
He had substituted fruit!
—New York Times.

A Base Thought.

"I think I'll borrow an idea from the burlesque houses for my new society drama."

"As how?"

"Have the bass drummer whack his drum every time an epigram is offered."—Pittsburg Post.

Another Puffed Proverb

He who converses in fierce dialadiation,
Then retreats and 'scapes the deadly
fray
Survives, perchance, by his procrastination
To wage the joust on some appulsive
day.
—Chicago Tribune.

No Assistance Needed.

As the train neared the city the colored porter approached the jovial faced gentleman, saying, with a smile:

"Shall Ah brush yo' off, suh?"

"No," he replied. "I prefer to get off in the usual manner."—Princeton Tiger.

In Business Hours.

He fell in love with his stenog
And told her what a wife she'd make
him.
He talked an hour; but, alas,
He talked so fast she couldn't take him!
—Puck.

Good Scheme.

"Out at my uncle's the people go to bed with the chickens."

"Well, at the price chickens sell at now they are certainly worth watching."—Houston Post.

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